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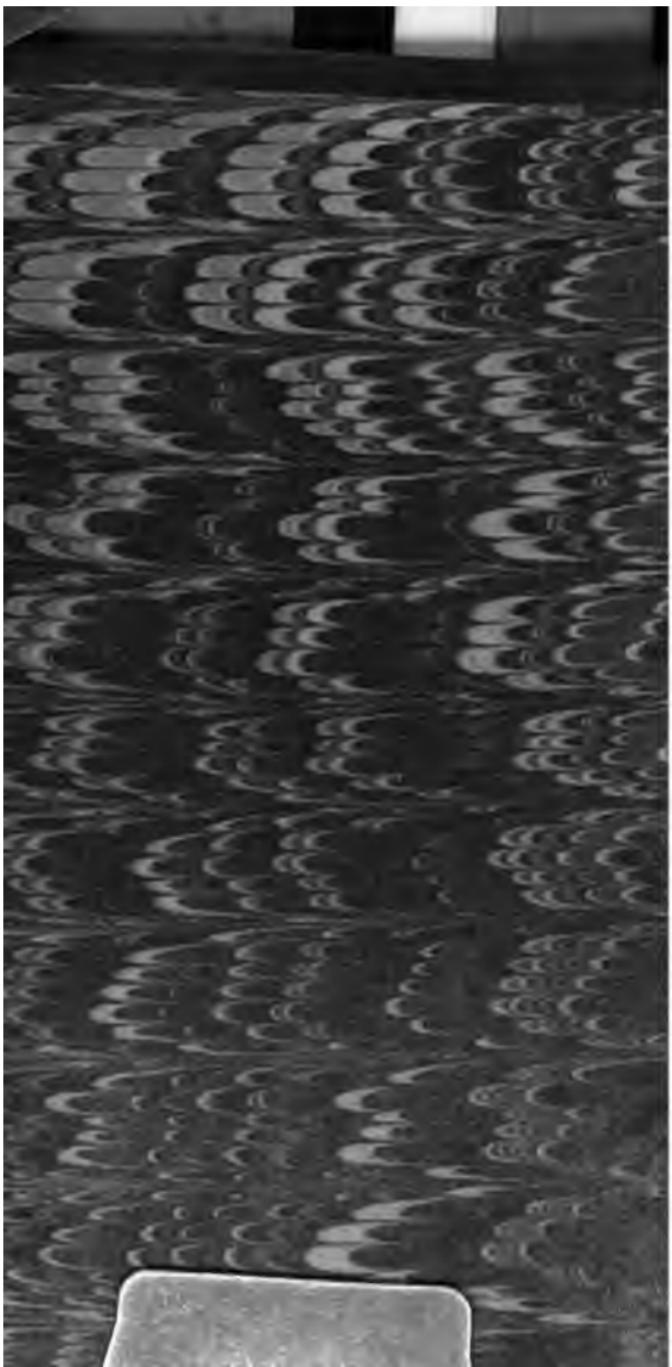
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THE
VILLAGE;
A POEM.

WITH AN APPENDIX.



PORTLAND:

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PREFACE.

IT will be perceived that the following Poem is but a sketch of some prominent features of the physical and moral character of rural scenes. The avocations of business have prevented its being filled out in those proportions, which are necessary to complete the plan. It will, therefore, be subject to reproach for the imperfection of the picture, and the comparative diffuseness of the historieal descriptions. The hope is, however, indulged that the consideration of their importance, of their obvious intimacy of connection with the principal object in view, and of the general propositions interspersed, will furnish a satisfactory reason for the sin of omission or of commission, to the charge of which the Author pleads guilty by anticipation. At any rate, the descriptions referred to, having been called forth by an ardent attachment to our political and religious institutions, if, by the contrast which they present, they may tend to promote the same sentiment in others, the balm of that consolation will heal the wounds which the lash of criticism may inflict.

The Appendix has been extended to considerable, although very inadequate limits, and will be found to be naturally con-

PREFACE.

nected with the Poem. The primary object of the Author has been the production of useful information to his countrymen, and the success of that object will be an ample remuneration for his labour and researches.

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THE VILLAGE.

RANGE after range, sublimely pil'd on high,
Yon lofty mountains prop the incumbent sky.
Such countless tops ascend, so vast the heap,
As if, when gush'd the deluge from the deep,
The rushing torrents wreck'd the guilty world,
And all the rocky fragments thither whirl'd.

Around their tops the gathering vapours driven,
In cloudy flight conceal the face of Heaven.
I see them meet, divide, collect, and spread,
And last convolve around the mountain's head ;
While here and there the sun-beams glimmering through,
Their borders paint with each prismatic hue ;
Then gathering thick, in one black cloud they lower
And pour impetuous down the liberal shower.
Frequent and bright the forked lightnings flash,
And loud and deep the heavy thunders crash ;
By rushing winds the sturdy woods upturn,
From crag to crag by roaring streams are borne ;
Rebellowing echo swells the hills around,
And every summit trembles at the sound :

But soon the elements are hush'd to peace,
And rending blasts and pealing thunders cease.
Harass'd no more, and freed from dire alarms,
Fair nature blooms in renovated charms ;
The late dread scene the cheering sun illumes,
And brighter green each beauteous plant assumes ;
Along the mountain's steep and shelving sides,
Amidst the rocks the murmuring rivulet glides,
And, loamy treasures plundering as it flows,
Seeks the low vale, and there the spoil bestows :
Their airy flight the feather'd warblers wing,
Or trim their plumes, and wildly, sweetly sing ;
While fur clad rovers leave their secret hair
The simple feast of native fruits to share,
On leafy couches then reclin'd at ease,
To guard from foes and watch their prey to seize.

When power Almighty gave to Nature birth,
And wrought this complex miracle, the earth,
How came those towering cliffs, those ample mounds,
Those rough projections, and unequal grounds ?
And as the new form'd world came rolling here,
Why was it not a smooth and equal sphere ?
Not so allow'd the all controlling laws,
Impos'd on matter by the great First Cause.
Ere silent Time outspread his downy wings,
Ere all this beauteous harmony of things,

Creation's shapeless frame lay floating o'er
The mighty void, a sea without a shore.
Jehovah's awful fiat thunder'd round,
Confusion fled, all Nature felt the sound :
Ethereal fires pour'd forth their solar blaze,
And Heaven's vast concave gleam'd with stellar rays :
To concrete masses scatter'd atoms hurl'd
Combin'd the craggy wonders of the world,
Form'd the vast heights which now around me rise,
Yon Hills sublime, which greet the sailor's eyes,
As, far from home, he seeks his native land,
And longs to moor against the well known strand ;
Whilst hope elates or apprehension chills,
As clouds they seem or look like distant hills,
Till, as the buoyant vessel onward rides,
He marks with surer view their whitening sides.

Ere fierce invaders, with unhallow'd feet
And conquering arms, profan'd this wild retreat,
And dire extermination's tides of blood
Swept o'er these fields their desolating flood,
Ethereal beings, so traditions tell,
(And Indian hunters saw and knew full well,) High o'er the wide spread Sachemdoms around,
Dwelt in that topmost height's empyreal bound,
Watch'd o'er the tribes, each wise design inspir'd,
Advis'd in council and in battle fir'd,

Midst thickest forests and the deepest fens,
O'er roughest mountains and in darkest glens,
Guided the venturous hunter's pathless way,
And crown'd his keen pursuit with ample prey.
Empower'd by them, and with their wisdom fraught,
Each future scene the gifted Prophet taught,
Presag'd the war, ere yet the wily foe
Had plann'd the ambush or had strung the bow,
And when Disorder's pestilential breath
The people thinn'd and threaten'd gen'ral death,
The heavenly Ketan* strove by prayer to please,
Or savage Abamocho's† rage appease,
With rites and herbs expell'd disease and pain,
And Health enchanted to her home again.

The nation's boast, in undisturb'd repose,
Pequawkett, then thy numerous wigwams rose.
Thy active hunters, arm'd with bow and spear,
The stately Moose pursued and bounding Deer,
For howling Wolves contriv'd the secret snare,
Or trapp'd the Sable, or waylaid the Bear,
Or, where th' amphibious Beavers liv'd combin'd,
For mutual aid in social compact join'd,
With human prudence and contriving care
Their little State erecting firm and fair,
Their dams demolish'd, swept their arduous toils,
Destroy'd the tribes, and seiz'd the furry spoils.

* The Great Good Spirit. † The bad Spirit.

Rude was the Savage, but to friendship true,
No fickle change his fix'd affection knew :
In hatred firm, a fierce and fearless foe,
He own'd no umpires but his spear and bow.
The warwhoop's discord was his soul's delight,
His eye's first joy, the slaughter of the fight.
Methinks I see the warrior bands engage,
The arrows hurtle and the conflict rage :
The march of war no martial music sounds,
No loud artillery through the sky resounds,
No art directs, no streaming banners wave,
No pomp emblazons, and no bulwarks save.
Degrees of office, order, rank, command,
File, column, line, battalion, corps, and band,
Are absent all ;—Revenge and Ruin reign,
And sweeping carnage triumphs o'er the plain.
Thrice blest are ye, whose life blood stains the field :
O worse than death their cruel fate who yield.
Sullen and sad the captive victims go,
To meet the direst ills, the deepest woe,
The scoffing insults, the triumphant yell,
Each mode of suffering, and each pain of hell.
The cruel conqueror dreadful vengeance takes ;
Midst torturing fires he binds them to the stakes,
Tears off their flesh, cuts circles round their joints,
Lights all their frames with slowly burning points,

In the regions of pleasure, afar to the west,
Where rich are the fields and unclouded the Sun,
Those warriors repose in the mansions of rest,
And in triumph rejoice for the spoils they have won.

Each moon gives their harvest, each mead waves with corn,
Plenty smiles at the feast, rosy Health nerves the frame ;
The evergreen Spring decks with blossoms the lawn,
Fish sport in the streams, and the woods teem with game.

For you, may bad Spirits, who hover around,
Blast your lives with each curse, and with plagues taint
the air,
May famine, disease, and contention abound,
Till our lands you restore and our wrongs you repair."

Such is the Savage, such is Nature's child,
Where'er we look, unsocial, fierce, and wild.
In temper rough, contracted in his view,
His life is simple as his wants are few.
E'en Love's bright flame scarce warms his creeping blood,
And nothing rouzes but revenge or food ;
While scarcely more has commerce ever brought,
To tempt his wish, or wake an anxious thought,
But gaudy beads, the measure of his wealth,
Or copious drama, the poison of his health.
But hush, the melancholy scenes are past ;
Each gloomy act was clos'd by death at last :

Time has o'erthrown their wigwams on the plains,
And still Oblivion seiz'd their poor remains.
Their relics long since moulder'd to decay,
No stone informs where now their ashes lay.
Not such the end of proud Palmyra's name,
Not such the downfal of the Grecian fame :
Remnents of Art their monuments arise,
By Genius thus inscrib'd ; "Here Greatness lies."
The solemn dirge the mournful Muses raise,
And weeping Science swells the hymn of praise.

When falls the hero or expires the sage,
His death is Fame, his mourners are the Age,
His life's his eulogy, and History rears
A splendid cenotaph to future years :
But for the thousands who inglorious die,
'Tis only private sorrow breathes a sigh.
Thus when the seat of Trojan greatness fell,
All Asia echoed the funereal knell,
And still in verse the brilliant honors flame,
Which beam'd around her early orb of fame :
But where these Tribes in barbarous rudeness dwelt,
Not one regret has Art or Science felt,
Though melting Pity kindly saw and wept,
As prey'd Decay or swifter Ruin swept.
Around their graves has Desolation seowl'd,
And prowling wolves the doleful requiem howl'd,

The shroud of darkness mantled all the wild,
And Nature mourn'd her rough, untutor'd child :
But busy Art has wav'd her fairy wand,
And Culture touch'd the fields with magic hand :
The Household Gods protect the social fire,
And Architecture rears the frequent spire ;
Luxuriant harvests wave around the mead,
And flocks and herds in verdant pastures feed.

Midst scenes like these the wanderer loves to stray,
Or trace o'er yonder heights his rougher way,
Among whose rocks, in caverns dark and deep,
Through winter's colds, the poisonous reptiles sleep,
Till glowing suns return'd and vernal air
With genial warmth their torpid powers repair.
Anon, the feather'd warbler round them flies,
And meets the gazing serpent's fiery eyes,
The charm is fix'd ; in vain it flutters round,
Till, faint and tir'd, it falls upon the ground.
If tempted to explore their drear retreat,
With listening ear proceed and careful feet ;
For ere the fierce, though honorable foe
Attempts the fatal, the unerring blow,
With rattling larum first he warns to flight,
Or gives a fairer chance for equal fight,
And, coil'd around in close and spiral rings,
His body swell'd with rage, at once he springs,

And brandishing his tongue, with venom'd fangs
Strikes a quick death in all its direst pangs.
Thus, when our Fathers, from a polish'd realm,
Danger in front and Terror at the helm,
The migrant vessel launch'd upon the wave,
And dar'd the horrors of these wilds to brave,
From secret ambush, lurking in the way,
The angry Native sprang and seiz'd his prey.

Below those crags where gloomy Silence dwells,
Far as the sight the varied prospect swells ;
While Contemplation, musing and serene,
Observes the busy tumult of the scene.

Shallow and deep, by turns, and swift and slow
There I behold the winding Saco flow.
In early spring, when showers increase its tides,
And melted snows pour down the mountains' sides,
I've seen it raging, boisterous, and deep,
O'erflow its banks and through the upland sweep.
The farmer's hopes, the lumberers hard earn'd thrift,
Logs, bridges, booms, and boats were all adrift ;
Trees, fences, fields, whate'er oppos'd its course,
Were torn and scatter'd by the o'erwhelming force.

Loos'd from the fold to crop the tender feed,
The hungry flock were grazing on the mead.
Their saving Ararat, a trifling mound,
Secur'd them from the deluge spreading round,

"Till, taught no more to let the stragglers roam,
The careless shepherd bore them to their home.
And then, from spouting clouds no longer fed,
Our little Nile return'd within its bed.

Along its borders, spreading far and wide,
The tall, straight pines appear on every side.
To these thick woods the hardy labourer goes,
And rears his sheltering tent amid the snows,
His couch the hemlock's twigs, his household ware,
A jug and basket fill'd with simplest fare.
Ye, who indulge in indolence and ease,
Whom spleen invades and moody vapours seize,
To whom each day an age of trouble seems,
Whose nights are wakeful or disturb'd by dreams,
Observe the happy quiet of his rest,
And learn, like him, by labour to be blest.
Ye bloated epicurus, diseases' prey,
Who waste in vile excess your lives away,
Observe his frugal board, be wisc at length,
And gain like him, from temperance, health and streng
The frosty boreal blast, the pelting storm,
Solstitial suns, or seasons mildly warm,
The western breezes, or the southern air,
Allke to him, wake not one passing care.
With nervous arm he yields the keen edg'd axe
And plies anew each day untir'd attacks,

"Till by his strokes the forest level'd round,
With prostrate trunks and branches heaps the ground.
The oxen, faithful sharers of his toil,
Drag to the river's brink the heavy spoil,
Thence floated downward to the distant mart
And chang'd from Nature's form to works of Art.

But not alone the lofty pine trees fall,
The axe unsparing strikes alike on all.
Now a rich treasury of golden grain,
Few moons have wax'd and wan'd since yonder plain,
A shady solitude, a drear retreat,
Had scarcely known the print of human feet.
When, joining hand in hand, what charms imparts
The potent touch of Labour and the Arts.
Planted by them, the sweetly scented rose,
On dreary wilds, in blooming beauty grows;
The fields, where famine reign'd or wild beasts rang'd,
By them to peopled villages are chang'd.
Their aid invok'd, with no retarding fears,
His cumber'd land the sturdy yeoman clears.
Fell'd by his strokes, the forest prostrate lies;
Its vital sap the glowing summer dries,
And last the bonfires burn, the boughs consume,
And spreading flames the hemisphere illume.
The fresh'ning breezes fan the growing blaze,
Bear the light sparks, and cloudy columns raise,

Whene'er he steps upon our sacred fields,
Their guardian Genius an asylum yields,
His chains drop from him, and on Reason's plan,
He claims the gift of God, the rights of man.

O'er Slavery's plaguea, ye happy freemen, pause,
And learn to love your country and its laws.
See how Oppression, ever since the flood,
Has fill'd the earth with tears, and groans, and blood : (1)
See the poor Negro happy in his home ;
Observe the manthieves through his country roam :
Behold him seiz'd, from wife and children borne,
From country, freedom, friends, forever torn,
Yok'd like the ox, and forc'd through burning sands,
To seek the distant shore, o'er desert lands,
Then, with some hundred kidnapp'd wretches more,
Stow'd in to fill the noisome vessel's store.
Resolv'd on death, in sullen, fierce despair,
He strives by suicide to end his care ;
But watchful keepers guard from that relief,
And save his hated life for deeper grief,
For other tyrants, other modes of pain,
For trade and traffic,—any thing for gain. (2)

How eagle ey'd, how jealous are mankind
In selfish aims, to others welfare blind.
Each, when oppress'd, with fierce resentment burns,
Yet all uncheck'd are tyrants in their turns :

Each his own rights will struggle to secure,
Heedless of wrongs which suffering crowds endure.

Hence Albion's sons, of wealth and freedom proud,
*Gainst their own wrongs exclaim in clamour loud,
Yet, along Afric's long ensanguin'd shore,
Have often prow'l'd and rang'd it o'er and o'er,
The judges brib'd, excited civil strife,
Thousands enslav'd and millions robb'd of life. (3)

Hence Grecian freemen, urg'd by vain alarms,
Denounc'd the high in council and in arms,
From fear their power might chaaee to grow too great,
And haply threat the safety of the State ;
Yet, e'en where Persian blood enrich'd the soil,
Platea's fields were till'd by bondmen's toil. (4)

Hence Sparta's Helots shall in History's page
Be still their tyrant's sport from age to age, (5)
And story tell how Roman slaves have toil'd,
Of hope bereft, of every comfort spoil'd ;
While lordly masters fearful vengeance took
For e'en a plaintive sigh or haughty look. (6)

Avenging justice follows after crime,
And sure o'ertakes it in the lapse of time.
Oppress'd humanity its chains will spurn,
And meanest slaves upon their tyrants turn.
This truth thy bondmen, struggling to be free,
Imperial Rome, have often prov'd to thee.

Oft did their rage in clouds portentous lower,
And, charg'd with ruin to thy pomp and power,
Burst on thy head, swell high destruction's tide,
In mourning whelm thee, and bear down thy pride. (1

Should lawless Rule, aspiring here to reign,
Fair Freedom's holy empire dare profane,
Thus o'er our fields would rush the crimson flood,
And every spot be drench'd with tides of blood.
Too well, the deep, the numerous ills, which flow
From tyrant power, our hardy yeomen know,
To lose one right by Freedom's Charter given,
Or yielded mortals by the Grant of Heaven.
Not mov'd by Fear nor by Persuasion's lure,
Long may they keep those sacred rights secure,
And all the rural scene, as now, present
The charming view of plenty and content.
Hope clears' the wild and ploughs the fertile plain,
Fruition reaps and garners in the grain,
The watchful guard of all protecting Law,
Secures the store and Rapine holds in awe,
Invention free roams earth and ocean round,
And toiling Arts their busy hum resound.
'Tis Freedom's boon.—Let once Oppression rise,
And all the prospect like a vision flics.

And is this truly Freedom's favourite seat,
Refuge of woe and mis'ry's safe retreat ?

No sorrows then should gush from Pity's eye,
No crimes excite the sympathetic sigh :
Unbounded love should be the great employ,
And even brutes partake the general joy.
Alas, poor things, no charter'd rights are theirs,
No kindness nurtures and no mercy spares ;
The blood hound man, for wanton sport, or food,
Takes to destroy or kills to gorge their blood.
See the proud courser of a generous breed,
As fire his mettle and as winds his speed,
Docile and patient, full of strength and grace,
In war fierce charger, and mild slave in peace.
Soon, worn by hardship, his exhausted frame
Remains in nought but staring bones the same ;
Still fierce Oppression like a Night-hag rides,
Adds heavier loads, and spurs his bleeding sides.

Where flows the Nile majestically grand,
And spreads diffusive plenty o'er the land ;
Where sacred Ganges rolls its lengthen'd way,
And Burrampooter's winding waters stray,
The Bramins dwell, a race by Virtue lov'd,
Whom every age has honour'd and approv'd.
With philosophic lore divinely fraught,
Them heavenly Brachma holy science taugt,
How God's own soul, with animating force,
Supplies creation from its boundless source,

Pervades all being and all life inspired,
Endows with action and with reason firet,
And on one simple, universal plan,
Alike ethereal, flows in brute and man.
Ye modern Wits, awhile your scoffs restrain,
Nor treat these reverend precepts with disdain.
How few in man the traits of soul or mind
But still the same, though less, in brutes you find !
You say some innate, blind, instinctive force
O'er rules their lives and destinates their course.
Does instinct teach the dog to know his name,
Or the wild courser to obedience tame,
Hang on the Prattling parrot's noisy tongue,
Or know the strains by tutor'd Mockbird's sung ?
'Tis Art instructs, and rays of mental light,
Which shine in mortals more divinely bright,
With feeble gleams the brain of brutes illume,
And beam distinguish'd midst surrounding gloom.
Know then, O man, that Power which gives thee life
Lives in the brute, which pants beneath thy knife ;
And learn, thou tyrant, that each cruel blow,
Each wanton injury, and each needless woe,
Is fraught with crime, is insult to that Heaven,
Which would not waste the blessings it has given.
But hark ! beside me, in the verdant bush,
Perch'd on its lightest spray, the lively Thrush :

Its music warbles, clear and wilily free,
Varied and soft and full of harmony.

Not Orpheus' harp, nor Pindar's golden lyre,
Nor solemn organ, nor the chiming choir,
Nor opera nor concert boasts a note
To equal those, which swell this songster's throat.
And is it, like the flute or viol, found
A mere unmeaning instrument of sound,
Not mov'd by will nor harmoniz'd by mind,
But play'd by instinct, senseless power and blind?
O, no! as strike the warbler's notes my ear,
Fancy interprets thus the sounds I hear.

O! Why did Jehovah bestow on mankind
Such wondrous endowments of body and mind,
Yet hardened their hearts to destroy;
From the first of existence, the hour of their birth,
Coeval with nature, and boundless as earth,
Is the empire these tyrants enjoy.

Is creation then form'd on so partial a plan,
That the birds, beasts, and fishes are made but for man
To torture and kill for mere sport?
As he gazes in air, or surveys seas and land:
All the tenants of these, he exclaims, I command
For my pleasure, my use, and support.

Ye lords of the earth, how regardless are
Of what you will find to your woe to be
That one God gave the lives of us all,
And regards all his creatures with one eye
And with equal concern beholds from a height
An insect or emperor fall.

Ah, mortals, how much are your talents!
Altho' learn'd you're not wise, tho' ennobled
And your pow'rs are the sources of woe,
While the poor little thrush, with delight,
Weighs her blessings with yours, and bears
The beam of the balance sink low.

Though your palaces tower in grandeur,
They're the seats of confusion, contention,
Of riot, diseases, and pains;
While, remote in the woodland, my nearest
With peace is adorn'd, and with innocence
And the brood of affection contains.

Though in science and arts you preemin,
Yet advancing in those, you in virtue decline
And Happiness flies from your clasp.
My wants are but few, and I take what is given
With a heart full of thanks to that bountiful Being
Which offers its goods to my grasp.

And how have you waded through rivers of blood,
In ambitious pursuits, and for pleasure and food,
While Pity was weeping in vain !
But lately I heard your dread thunders resound,
And my poor stricken mate saw drop on the ground,
And perish with terror and pain.

Ah ! where was her crime that you robb'd her of life,
Whom you ow'd no revenge, and whom battles and strife
Had never an enemy made ?
Cruel man ! by such wanton destruction, beware
How the Deity's terrible vengeance you dare,
As thus on his works you invade.

Fly, Songster, fly ; o'er hill and plain and bog
The active hunter, with his gun and dog,
His toilsome sport pursues, with fatal aim,
And sweeping carnage of the luckless game.
The drumming partridge first, on whirring wing,
Starts from the ground while all the woodlands ring
With echoing yells : swift to the tree it flies,
Sits a fair mark, is fir'd upon and dies.
Down the recess of some time hollow'd trunk,
The playful squirrel's lonesome nest is sunk.
There from his loaded chops, with care and toil,
He stores the beechnut, as his rightful spoil ;

From bough to bough he leaps, or void of fear,
Sits perk and heedless of the danger near :
Anon, the lurking sportsman's watching eye
Condemns the crouching innocent to die.

How humble sport like this, how vile and base,
How much below the pleasures of the chase.
There the swift stag presents a worthy prey,
And speed and spirit bear the palm away :
The winded horn and deep mouth'd hound's full cry
Awake each power to life and energy,
While jolly huntsmen urge the fiery horse,
As whirlwinds rapid in his headlong course,
To leap the ditch, bound o'er the lofty bar,
And stem the tide ; then, dashing on afar,
The meed of all their toils and dangers past,
They take th' exhausted fugitive at last,
And at the festive board enjoy the bowl,
• “ The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.”
Such sports give courage, enterprize and nerve ;
Thus far we yield the praises they deserve ;
But, England, be the Nimrods of thy Isle,
Thy cruel forest laws and game laws vile
Afar from us : ne'er shall our yeoman's soil
Be subject to a tyrant's lawless spoil :
Ne'er shall the pasture and the cultur'd field
Subsistence to the deer be forc'd to yield,

And flocks and herds dep'v'd of their support
To spread extensive parks for royal sport ; (8)
But the prerogative of each shall be,
That **NONE BE PRIVILEG'D, AND ALL BE FREE.**

Enough of mountains, rocks, and woods, and streams ;
We turn our view to more instructive themes :
The varied landscape let us cease to scan,
And strive to sketch the qualities of man,
Whilst from the camera of the faithful brain,
We paint the little village of the plain.
Let others trace a more extensive view
And different scenes with higher aim pursue :
Let them become familiar with the great,
And ope the hidden mysteries of state,
Or march with conquering armies and rehearse
The deeds of heroes in the epic verse ;
My lowly subjects humbler strains invite
And cheek the Fancy's more aspiring flight :
Yet, though the numerous hamlets rise around,
And many tempting charms in each abound,
She will not stray from this her little sphere ;
The brief epitome of all is here.
With admiration fill'd, by beauty fir'd,
By virtue aw'd, by all their charms inspir'd,
With sacred tenderness and watchful care,
First should I pay my homage to the fair.

Satire avaunt ! throw down thy poison'd darts,
Forbear to fix thy wounds in female hearts,
Forbear to draw from Beauty's eye the tear,
A scornful jest to barb, or point a sneer.
True, some are mark'd by follies, subjects fit
For jeers and taunts, for laughter and for wit.
A jilt may cheat you, a coquette may vex,
A Messalina may disgrace her sex,
A Clytemnestra may her husband kill,
A father's blood a furious Tullia spill,
A cruel Mary light the Smithfield fire,
And numerous victims in the flames expire ;
But is the starry firmament less bright,
Or would you veil the blaze of solar light,
Because a transient cloud obscures the one,
Or now and then a spot comes o'er the sun ?
Exceptions to their sex those monsters call,
And for their faults and crimes condemn not all.
For one of those a thousand you may find
Of charming person and of cultur'd mind.
Behold the politic, the good Queen Bess
By virtuous rule a happy nation bless,
A Joan of Arc invading armies brave,
And fall herself a tottering realm to save.
See the Czarina, as her father great,
In all the arts and policy of State,

The heroine Roland tyrant power defy,
The patriot Corde for her country die,
With learning fraught, Dacier's scholastic page,
By female genius signalize an age,
And, in our native land, a Warren's name
Rank near a Gibbon's on the roll of Fame,
And Adams, rich in history's various lore,
The arduous paths of Literature explore ;
With Shakespeare, great blasphemer of the fair,
"Woman thy name is Frailty," then declare,
The "semper varium" of the bard relate
Who sang the lovely Dido's hapless fate,
And let the strains of satire all be sung,
From bitter Juv'hal down to pungent Young ;
Those female worthies still shall live in fame,
And honor's halos circle every name ;
Still shall the virtues of a countless crowd
Proclaim the bards malicious, false and proud.
The foul injustice of their pens to show,
Proofs, living proofs, full many here I know.
And now forgive, ye fair, if, bold and rude,
The Muse unbidden on your homes intrude ;
"Tis not to drag you to the common gaze,
For modest merit shrinks from public praise ;
"Tis not, with flattery's sycophantic guile,
To smooth a frowning brow or win a smile :



But 'tis to pay the homage which is due,
To Truth, to Beauty, Innocence and You.
Some could I name, who never fail to please
By manners joining dignity and ease ;
Strictly correct in every thing they say,
In Virtue's balance every act they weigh,
And while to all the social duties true,
Good their delight and Heaven their hopeful view.
E'en watching envy not a fault can find,
But owns them pure of heart and rich in mind :
Censure is dumb, while families and friends
Revere those virtues, which the world commands.

Thrice happy he, by Fortune highly bless'd,
By such, as husband lov'd or child caress'd,
And whom the ties of marriage or of blood
Have made the guardian angels of his good.
Ye men of Pleasure, roving, wild, and gay,
Can lawless riot these pure joys repay ?
Say which, thro' life's great voyage, will rather please,
Love's furious whirlwind or its gentle breeze ?
Say, when enjoyments have the senses pall'd,
And unimpassioned Reason is recall'd
To hold again her abdicated throne,
Do you not feel abandon'd and alone ?
When on your spirits moody sorrow weighs,
When on your health destructive sickness preys.

When on your rights invade malignant foes,
Assail your fame, and stab at your repose,
Surely no greater good by pitying Heaven
Can, in its vast beneficence, be given,
Than one, the friend in all the scenes of life,
The kind companion, and the loving wife.
Yet truth must own such paragons are rare,
And few so good, so lovely, and so fair.
Though frequent quarries may the earth unfold,
Yet rare are diamonds or the mines of gold :
So we perceive the mass of human kind,
Though fair in spots, is rough and unrefin'd.
Those blest with beauty and by virtue lov'd,
Of manners polish'd and of taste improv'd,
Are precious gems, 'midst barren mountains found,
Where dreary wastes and frowning cliffs abound.
'Tis happily contriv'd that man is made
With tastes and powers of every varying shade.
Hence every one the other's wants subserves,
And each her own peculiar praise deserves,
As well the housewife 'neath the humble roof,
Plying the wheel and labouring warp and woof,
As the gay charmer, mistress of the heart,
Who plays in higher life a brighter part.
But she above all competition tow'rs
Who adds to other gifts high mental pow'rs.

Still would it seem the base, degrading plan
Of selfish, proud, and domineering man,
By education trifling and confin'd,
To check the progress of the female mind.
“ A learned woman ! I would spend my life
“ As soon with fierce Erinnys for my wife ;
“ ’Tis ours to cull the sweets which science yiel
“ And range alone its vastly varied fields ;
“ From female weakness, far be such affairs ;
“ Its only province is domestic cares ;
“ These woman ne’er should seek to soar above
“ For lovely woman ’s made for these and love.
The Christian tyrant’s Turkish doctrine this,
Fatal to love and foe to human bliss :
For know that Beauty’s all subduing charms
Secure no conquests without mental arms ;
The fair complexion, and the eye’s bright glanc
And pleasing form may conquer in advance ;
But Wit’s munitions, discipline of Thought,
With Caution’s panoply, by Prudence wrought,
And Virtue to withstand Seduction’s shocks,
Secure and strong as proud Gibraltar’s rocks,
Must be combin’d to form the perfect whole,
And give complete dominion of the soul.
We ask not woman to partake our toil,
To join in scenes of danger and turmoil,

Like Amazonia's maids the war to guide,
Harangue in senates, or in courts preside.
A household Deity, with us she reigns,
Our soul's best part in pleasures and in pains,
Intent on social virtue's sweet employ,
The joy of life and life of every joy.
From commerce, conquest, politics, and war,
In still domestic scenes remov'd afar,
Temptation fails its vices to impart,
To stain her native purity of heart.)
" But this" you say " is dull, cold-hearted praise,
" Platonic strains which any friend may raise :
" Give us the Bard, who glows with brighter fires,
" Lives by a smile or by a frown expires,
" Who glows with passion and whose transports move
" To pour in rhapsody the soul of love."
Ah ! Vanity, thou gay enchantress, learn
Those flitting meteors but a moment burn :
The passions flash and then in darkness die,
While love and friendship constant flames supply.
This serious truth, ye charming Fair, attend ;
He loves not truly, who is not a friend.
Though round your steps may frolic every grace,
And Seraph's beauties brighten in your face,
The heaven you give will be repaid with scorn,
And you too late your fancy's fictions mourn.

To Friendship turn, whose powers at once impar
To rule the judgment and enchain the heart :
In Venus' cestus there the virtues beam,
And Cupid's empire rests upon esteem :
For there alone our highest praise will meet
The virtuous mind and disposition sweet.
'Tis lovely Mildness, homebred pleasure's Queen
Alive to joy, yet still 'midst cares serene,
To please delighting, and detesting strife,
And following reason as the rule of life,
Which soothes, allures, subdues, refines, and char
Wins from our follies, and our rage disarms.
How harsh then sounds the Vixen's angry voice !
Complaint her pleasure, misery her choice,
Each theme of woe in ceaseless change is rung ;
Perpetual motion hangs upon her tongue ;
While all around her flippant anger feel,
Or fly the worse than thunder-stunning peal.]
'Tis this the child's and husband's life annoys,
And mixes poison with domestic joys,
Drives to the bowl to drown disgust and care,
Incites to crime, and closes with despair.
Thus Discord urges into ruin's road
While happy homes secure from vice abroad.

But man, wild, active, versatile, and bold,
What pen his various nature can unfold,

: his actions, character, and mien,
ramatize the vast and changeful scene !
I him here, the Village for his stage,
eney Nature, and the plot the Age,
ragi-comic subject for the Play,
ectors of all stamps, from grave to gay,
bustling, strutting, pompous, loud, and vain,
iple merit's large and lowly train.
not the moment lost, as these we scan,
e best " study of mankind is man."

t comes the lawyer ; 'tis an honour'd name, (9)
glorious on the roll of Fame,
ar for wealth, which birth cannot bestow,
tery wreath around a lordling's brow ;
from the fane of Science borne,
ary vigils earn'd, by wisdom worn,
ort vast, in which the honours blend
our's champion and of freedom's friend ;
stice fails the sacred name to save
profanation of the fool and knave,
jackdaws still, the peacock's pomp assume,
rut in pride with half a pilfer'd plume.
i's vicious nature is the primal cause,
call'd to being government and laws,
simple systems once, but grown at last,
n and arts increas'd, confus'd and vast.

The shields of **weakness**, terror of the **strong**,
The guards of **right**, and punishers of **wrong**,
Their aim is **justice**, equity their end,
The common good the point to which they tend :
But such the fault of language or of mind,
So various the concerns of human kind,
No code can circle their prodigious range,
Apply to all, and follow as they change.
To break them, therefore, and be still secure,
To find out legal ways to grind the poor,
To cheat the honest and the rogue to aid,
Has grown an odious pettifogging trade.
Prompt with demurrs, skilful in abatements,
To circumvention train'd, and bold in statement,
Each villain's hireling, us'd by ev'ry knave,
Of meanest wretches e'en a meaner slave,
To rob too cowardly, too proud to steal,
The pettifogger preys on public weal,
And makes some Justice, a commission'd fool,
For paltry aims a secret legal tool,
Or deeper cheats, to gain him larger fees,
Performs by quibbles, sophistry and pleas.
As princes, heedless whether wrong or right,
Their forces sell in foreign wars to fight ;
So he, for fees or popular applause,
Fits out his arguments for any cause,

Like hireling Hessians still enlists for pay,
Nor cares who falls or conquers in the fray.
Does Law's plain letter stare him in the face ;
Its spirit then must take the letter's place ;
But if the spirit shall oppose his aim,
The letter then must perfect rev'renee claim.
His declaration do clear proofs deny,
Does Reason give his sophistry the lie ;
Then Reason 's false and not to be believ'd,
And ev'ry witness perjur'd or deceiv'd.
If, notwithstanding his absurd harangues,
Neglect attend him or dark want o'erhangs,
Fictitious indorsees his costs may swell,
Or clients under par their notes may sell !
Or if by clients, whom his frauds have warn'd,
Avoided, fear'd, despis'd, abhor'd, and scorn'd,
Yet may his malice rob some wealthy foe,
Whilst perjury aids to lay the victim low.
If vengeance urge or avarice allure,
No virtue's safe and no estate secure.
O'er your whole life the never sleeping spy,
Whilst memory notes, directs his piercing eye,
And if, perchance, with careless feet you stray
From law's oft doubtful and much winding way,
At once the villain, dead to honest shame,
Urges his bloodhounds on your wealth and fame,

Turns pimp to catchpolls and would take with joy
From off a hangman's hands his vile employ.

When bless'd with soul and gifted with a mind,
And such there are, we honest lawyers find,
Those whose high office is to guard the laws,
And vindicate from wrong the righteous cause,
We yield the meed of merited applause :
Yes more, e'en those whom headstrong passions urg
To tempt of daring vice the utmost verge,
Who, great in crimes, in their eccentric course,
Superior art display or mightier force,
If Genius beam its animating fire,
We cannot help to pity and admire ;
But when thick skull'd, dispassionate, and mean,
A creeping villain or dull rogue is seen,
If not from sense of justice quite exempt,
We load the wretch with hatred and contempt.
A lawyer he ! O no ; he sinks the name
'To lowest depths of infamy and shame.
Much more the humble appellation fits
Of petty scribe of low, vexatious writs,
Whom ne'er a single ray of fancy warms
To cheer the gloom of precedents and forms,
Extortion's drudge, a mere machine, which Jews
In works too vile for them, may freely use.
Provok'd by insults or some trifling wrong,
To vengeance urg'd law's mazy path along,

The fretful litigant resolves to fit
Th' offending neighbour with a "*special writ*."
Varus, a lawyer skill'd in legal arts,
Of high repute for management and parts,
Of boldest courage to maintain a lie,
In reasoning subtle, in evasion sly,
To feeling dead, in principle a knave,
Forever craving as the insatiate grave,
And now mayhap by hunger urg'd to seize
On any job which gives a chance for fees,
His client's burning fury feeds with oil,
Urges the suit and lights him to the spoil.
Squire Quirk, the Justice, to dispense the laws
Sits in the pride of pow'r to judge the cause,
Grave as an owl in solemn state presides,
And as sly Varus bids, the cause decides :
Vain all authorities, and justice vain,
Not Dexter's self a single point could gain :
Cold as the snows which freeze around the pole,
No eloquence could warm his frigid soul ;
Dark as the shades of Milton's Stygian night,
His mind admits no glimmering ray of light ;
Too dull for reasoning and too proud for shame,
No power can move him from his steadfast aim.
Resolv'd, in folly's and in knavery's spite,
In other courts to vindicate his right,

Th' aggriev'd Defendant, now on fortune's wheel,
Still by reviews, new trial, and appeal,
Through every change of law is whirl'd around,
And whirls and changes still, but gains no ground.
At last his wealth, by fritters worn away,
By lawyers' fees and witnesses in pay,
Through long delays although he wins his cause,
He falls beneath the bulwark of the laws:
Yet blame not them, themselves most wise and pure,
But those who use them to oppress the poor:
They're speculators, usurers, and knaves,
And those who condescend to be their slaves,
On whom should rest th' accumulated weight
Of private anger and of public hate.

On some, although these galling censures fall,
Thank Heaven, their truth will not apply to all.
Many with minds by law's great science fill'd,
And in its various practice deeply skill'd,
In virtue's cause their eloquence employ,
Virtue support and vice alone annoy.
The learned judge and upright juror stand
With those the faithful guardians of the land,
Arise the firm, safe barriers to wrong,
Afford the weak a refuge from the strong,
To all alike their equal rights extend,
Nor shrink from rank, nor to the wealthy bend.

But why resort to litigating skill ?

Why rob your purses to indulge your will ?

Why wield the weapons of protecting law

To wage on social peace offensive war ?

Why feed the drones who riot on the spoil

Your folly yields, though gather'd by your toil ?

Let honour reign and treacherous falsehood cease,

And truth prevail, and industry, and peace,

Those Idlers then shall starve, or like you now,

Live by their hands and flourish by the plough ;

And, truly, he whose honest labour rears

One sheaf of grain, or one poor acre clears,

More praise deserves than all the pamper'd race,

Exercent crowds of business and of place,

Who roll through life in luxury and ease,

And only flourish by the State's disease.

Will verdant foliage spring, or blossoms blow,

When round the plant the fungous blotches grow,

Or bending boughs be hung with stores of fruit,

When wasteful saplings all around them shoot ?

Observe the Oak, with useless limbs o'ergrown,

By whirlwinds shaken or the storm o'erthrown :

Learn from its fall the certain course of fate,

And timely check our own exuberant state ;

For this great right no art or influence moves,

That all remains which public will approves,

And what it chooses shall be prun'd away
Not Jeff'ries' self could save or Bacon stay.

Happy my country, thus to be secure,
While other realms such monstrous ills endure.
There rank and power and wealth have reign'd sup
Freedom a name and justice but a dream,
And from the time when government began,
Folly and force control'd the rights of man.
By lulling art dull reason has been hush'd,
Plain, honest right by privilege been crush'd,
Now cruel Draeo's bloody code prevail'd,
And now retaliation's rule avail'd. (10)

To keep pure morals and to make men good
Is much the provincee of the penal code ;
Still has it been to many States a curse,
Than perfect license infinitely worse.
In Albion's Isle, in rude and early times,
When villains bought a license for their crimes,
When each atrocious and destructive vice
Was settled at a known and easy price,
When murderers kill'd and pilferers might lurch,
Yet find a sacred refuge in a Church ;
What then did Law but hang upon the poor,
And bid the wealthy culprit be secure. (11)

When legislating Madness makes the laws,
Adjudging Folly will decide the cause ;

For that corruption, which in evil hour,
Allows the one, will give the other power.
Hence Truth and Reason kept alike aloof,
From legislation, trial, judgment, proof ;
Stern, blindfold Justice gave her scales to Art,
And Perjury held the weights on either part,
Oaths had their rank, and Bribery its seat,
And Power could always sueing Right defeat ;
The ordeal's issue was of guilt the test,
And he judg'd perfect who could juggle best, (12)
Or by judicial combat his the wrong
Who yielded to the skilful, brave, and strong. (14)

Not only there did Madness rear her throne,
Europe and Asia have been all her own,
And Infidel and Christian, Turk and Jew,
Have been her slaves, to all her mandates true.
She hook'd the tenters in the Russian's frame,
Screaming and bleeding over Wolga's stream,
There in extremest torture to remain,
To writhe in agony and die of pain.
She taught each nerve its proper pang to feel,
The living buried, broke upon the wheel,
Knouted, empal'd, and drove to toil in mines,
Where hope ne'er dawns and scarce a sunbeam shines. (15)

Her's the Bastille, the scene of groans and tears,
The object of a nation's hate and fears,

The seat of suffering, Pandemonium's court,
Abode of horror, and oppression's fort.
The lawless "cachet" it was hers to stamp,
To keep the dungeons noisome, dark, and damp;
On the chain'd victim then to turn the key,
And guard him there till Death should set him free.

When treacherous Mettus broke his faith with
"Twas she who pass'd his miserable doom,
Invented torments never known before,
And limb from limb his mangled body tore.
With human flesh she Roman Shylock's paid,
And barter'd sacred rights in shameful trade. (17)

In Eastern realms with Sultans she has reign'd
As sovereign judge the criminal arraign'd,
Wielded the sword, the bastinado us'd,
Aw'd subject nations and the world abus'd. (18)

Here, then, in Law the friend and guard we find,
Elsewhere a mere destroyer of mankind :
Yet even here her blessings to secure,
Manners must aid and morals must be pure;
For when in States neglected virtues faint,
And catch from vice its all corrupting taint;
In freemen's hearts when love of country fails,
And careless negligence of right prevails,
Law then in vain its medicines applies,
And lovely Freedom pines away and dies.

To law and lawyers then we bid adieu,
And turn to yonder sacred dome our view,
From impious laymen to religion's shrine,
From pettifogging quacks to the divine.

'Tis his, with wakeful care and pious zeal,
To watch o'er private good and public weal,
"The physic of the soul" to all dispense,
And cure the ills of passion and of sense.

No crozier here, no diadem he bears,
For Virtue's honour is the crown he wears:
No trembling slaves his dread commands attend,
His favour court or to his fury bend;

For truth bestows the only arms he yields,
And all his power is that which reason yields:
His mode of torture 's not the rack and wheel,
But stings of conscience which the guilty feel.

His end 's not Mammon's goods, but heavenly love
And virtue's joys in realms of bliss above.

Yet imperfection is the lot of man,
And error seems a part of nature's plan.

E'en those who guide the travellers on their way,
Lost and bewilder'd, wander most astray,
And drawn by passion or by pleasure led,
Through devious paths to ruin's steeps are sped.

E'en in Religion's consecrated fane,
Folly and vice the very altar stain;

Unholy lips the hallow'd cup partake,
The sacred bread the hands of sinners break,
Hypocrisy prescribes to your belief,
The very Sacrist is himself a thief,
And Superstition, with his thousand creeds,
Frowning on Reason as for Truth she pleads,
Spreads wide confusion and to rage excites,
In discord triumphs and in strife delights.

But cloak'd Hypocrisy and witless Zeal
And Superstition, with his heart of steel,
Their Inquisitions here shall never raise :
Ne'er shall their torturing faggots round us blaze
Till peace and love no more shall truth adorn,
And faithful History's voice shall cease to warn.
Loud now she warns and pictures every clime,
From Cain's first offering, through the lapse of time
By Superstition whelm'd beneath a flood
Of sufferers' tears and slaughter'd victims' blood.
At History's call his horrid Imps appear,
Hell fills the view and Ruin stuns the ear.
With pomp and splendour myriad altars rise,
The wine is offer'd and the chiliasm dies.
Fell Moloch, glowing from infernal fires, (19)
His human tribute from his slaves requires,
Extends his brazen arms with ample grasp,
And kills the harmless infant in his clasp.

Shades of the dead their dire revenge demand,
To slaughter urge, and arm the warrior's hand ;
Patroclus lost, more furious than a fiend,
Achilles rages for his fallen friend,
Bamears with gore the widely spreading plain,
And heaps the pyre with bodies of the slain ;
Then thinks the warrior's ghost in peace shall rest,
And the curst rites by smiling Heaven be blest.
Voracious Saturn gorges infant food ;
The Earth 's one censer made of human blood ;
The Druids rear their wicker idol's frame,
Fill it with men, and light the fatal flame.
Their groves of oaks, whose dark and solemn shades
No genial ray, no solar beam invades,
With bright and deathful coruscations gleam,
And their caves echo as the victims scream ;
Till all consum'd, their direful rites are past,
And gloom and shade again the scene o'ercast. (19)
The virgins born, the Heaven descended child,
At length appear'd ; then faithless men revil'd,
Then Herod slew, intolerance began,
And Superstition wag'd new wars on man.
The Christian crosses then were steep'd in blood,
Martyrs expos'd to be the tyger's food,
An impious sport their cries and sufferings made,
And Art and Force against their cause array'd.

Almighty Truth prevail'd, and mail'd in state,
Bade safe defiance to the shafts of Fate,
With Great Constantine shar'd the Imperial throne,
And claim'd the conquer'd world as all her own.
But Bigotry and Pride and fell Ambition came,
Usurp'd her sceptre and assum'd her name,
Oppress'd mankind, made waste the subject lands,
And laid on sacred Arts destroying hands.
The stately column and the princely dome,
The splendid fane and monumented tomb,
In ruin fell ; while Sculpture stood aghast,
And wept despairing for her glories past.
Fair Nature's rival, lovely Painting, view'd
To all the winds of Heaven her labours strew'd ;
Then broke her palette, let her pencil fall,
Mingled her tints, and fled beyond recall. (20)
Pierce'd by no genial ray of mental light,
Solemn as death, and dark as storms of night,
One black, portentous, universal cloud
Inwrap'd creation with its ample shroud.
No Muse's voice did listening Echo hear,
No sounds repeated but the shrieks of fear,
Save, as by muttering Monks their beads were strung,
The cell and church with Ave Marys rung,
Or cloister'd Nuns in penance watch'd and pray'd,
Chanted " Te Deums " and their masses said. (23)

To rob mankind of every glimpse of hope,
Another Typhon, rose the accursed Pope,
Claim'd that to him Saint Peter's keys were given,
To him belong'd the custody of Heaven.
Sinners obtain'd salvation—by their purse,
And realms were damn'd by his avenging curse.
In *holy war*, the banner'd cross unfurl'd,
He half dispeopled the crusaded world,
With *pious murders* fill'd the faithless lands, (22)
And gain'd the Saviour's tomb by blood stain'd hands.
Kings he depos'd and haughty Emperors brav'd,
Their pride repress'd and distant climes enslav'd.
Protesting realms he blasted by his breath,
And doom'd, by thousands, heretics to death. (25)
To doubt, was scorpion stings of power to feel,
To stretch on racks, or break upon the wheel,
Or prove the direst pains of torturing fire,
And in convulsive agonies expire. (24)
Kind Heaven relenting look'd on human grief,
And pitying sent, in Luther's form, relief.
By Virtue led, his mind with wisdom fraught.
“Good will to man and peace on earth” he taught,
Reason delighted, on his accents hung :
His warning voice through groaning nations rung :
Resplendent Truth flash'd through the awful gloom,
And Freedom rose majestic from the tomb.

But still resisting Superstition lower'd,
And still the massy Inquisition tower'd,
The wasteful carnival of Death was kept,
And Ruin o'er the struggling Nations swept ;
To fatal wars destroying Alva flew,
Unpitying, tortur'd, and unsparing, slew ;
Ferocious Charles his worthiest subjects kill'd,
And Gallia's streams with human blood were fill'd. (

E'en here, our bigot sires, with cruel hand,
In hierachial fury rul'd the land.
Still blash their sons, as faithful records tell,
How "Friends" were scourg'd and Salem witches fell
Thank Heaven 'tis o'er. The direful scenes are pa
And gentle toleration reigns at last.

The various sects in this one truth agree,
That God commanded conscience should be free,
With equal eye he views us from above,
With boundless goodness, and unchanging love.
To love each other is God's grand behest,
Man's highest duty and religion's test.

Ye holy Pastors, wherefore then contend
Your creeds to spread and dogmas to defend ?
Are ye not all commission'd from above,
Heralds of peace and ministers of love ?
One God ye worship and one Saviour trust,
And all alike are children of the dust.

The faithless hearer, listening as you preach,
And wondering at the mysteries you teach,
Is train'd to doubt, and thence advancing fast ;
Becomes a perfect infidel at last.
Why to vain tenets strive recruits to win
RS**ee, while ye waste in vain disputes your time,
How the vast earth is overrun by Crime.
Arm'd in his cause, or following in his train,
To spread his conquests and confirm his reign,
Behold what hosts acknowledge his command,
What myriad victims fall beneath his hand.
Skil'd in the art the grand campaign to plan,
See Dissipation lead the powerful van,
War, like the Indian, by deceit and stealth,
And sap the works of innocence and health,
Then ope an easy and a certain way,
Through which Diseases rush to seize their prey.
With secret dagger arm'd and lurking round,
Mask'd from the sight and fearing every sound,
In midnight silence, Murder aims the blow,
Which lays in death the screaming victim low ;
Whilst vile Ingratitude, too proud to own,
Too mean to pay the generous favour shown,
E'en for that kindness which his life prolongs,
His friend betrays and benefactor wrongs.**

Ambition with a blow hews kingdoms down
And nations wither at Oppression's frown ;
Cowld Superstition dances round her fire,
And Hate and Envy pestilence expire.
With these all Crimes triumphantly career,
Fair Hope dethrone, and crown Despair and Fear.
Champions of Truth, then turn on these your rage,
Turn on the daring Vices of the age.
By christian charity allur'd to peace,
Let furious sects their wordy warfare cease,
And this one effort be their only strife
To mend the heart and rectify the life.
That task to aid the Muse her tribute brings,
And thus her monitory lesson sings.

* Though Pleasure may your steps attend,
And love and wine their joys may blend,
And fortune add a faithful friend ;

What then ?

Thievish Time may cease his stealth,
Age may bloom in rosy health,
And Avarice wallow in his wealth ;

What then ?

* The hint of the following triplets is taken from a latin Inscription copied by John Adams, late President of the United States, from over the door of the cell of a monk in Spain.

While laurel wreaths his brows surround,
Ambition is with empire crown'd,
Time its space and earth its bound ;
What then ?

Should Death relenting cease to doom
Youth and beauty to the tomb,
In all the pride of early bloom ;
What then ?

All nothing : Power is but a name,
Pleasure is a taper's flame,
Dirt is Wealth, and breath is Fame ;
What then ?

O, then, in Truth's delightful bowers,
Deck'd with amaranthine flowers,
Strive, as joy wings all the hours,
To live.

O, then, in virtue seek the charm,
Life's goods to crown and ills disarm,
And teach, at last, without alarm,
To die.

Thoughts such as those, in eloquence array'd,
Enfore'd by reasoning, and by zeal display'd,
To simple truth at once can charms impart,
Illume the mind, and interest the heart.

Why show Religion always in a veil,
Confin'd to platforms, and the Church's pale ?
'Tis nonsense all—idolatry of shapes,
Which heated Fancy forms and Folly apes.
Religion mocks those images of air,
And, thron'd with Virtue ever good and fair,
Proclaims their empire one, their reign the same,
And human happiness their only aim.
At Virtue's shrine would man his homage pay,
Each moral ill would vanish soon away ;
Earth would become a paradise again,
And perfect bliss renew its heavenly reign.

But hold, yon retinue of death and woe,
Reminds that man no perfect bliss can know.
Although a thousand natural ills might cease,
Should love prevail and innocence and peace ;
All nature bids the sons of men despair
Of life remov'd from want, disease, and care.
He, the professor of the healing art,
To whom belongs the all important part
To prop decaying health, to soothe our pain,
And find an antidote for every bane,
He knows full well what hosts of ills destroy,
On life's wide field the proudest hopes of joy,
How health's attack'd and strength and beauty fly,
How genius is cut down and virtues die,

high energies of mind and soul
e tyrant Death's supreme control.
too and felt it in the blow
d at once a friend and brother low.*
n's dread summons 'tis in vain to brave,
th can help and no physician save ;
an angels from the storms of fate
: frail fabric of the human state,
ring Miseries dare not seize their prey,
by powers divine, their hopes delay ;
to whom the healing art is given,
nsh has practis'd, and which came from Heav'n,
m diseases and the life defend,
fulfill'd, their powers and duties end.
by Rush and sanction'd from on high,
ot then the wrath of God defy,
e to tamper with this sacred art,
e its hallow'd fane imposture's mart,
e and science wage a constant strife,
experiment and sport with life ?
d by arts, to which no merit stoops,
le crowd are much profession's dupes;

te paid in the foregoing lines by an anonymous writer
med object may seem improper ; but it is hoped that
ill excuse a few lines indulged to private feeling among
ated to general amusement.

Alike devour the promise and the pill,
Which cheat the hope and only help to kill ;
Till poison'd, murder'd, by the artful Quack,
They die in all the tortures of the rack.
See how the vain pretender bustles round,
And rings his ceaseless jargon's empty sound,
While eager patients seize the tempting lure
Of boasted knowledge, of most wond'rous cure,
And potent nostrum, which to all he deals,
And which each ill with equal virtue heals,
Fills the low current of Consumption's veina,
Or heavy Dropsy's bloated pleth'ry drains,
Warms the cold limbs of Palsy and of Age,
Or quenches Fever's most malignant rage,
Excites, electrifies, and fires the frame,
Or lulls the nerves and cools the kindled flame.
The wretch has vouchers too, by blockheads give,
Who ow'd their cures to nature and to heaven,
Preserv'd in wrath their cursed scrolls to fill,
To furnish victims for the Quack to kill.
But grant his pills, although with poison rife,
By chance have sav'd and tortur'd into life ;
Where are the dead, in Nature's spite laid low ?
Where are their proofs ? To charnel houses go ;
Peruse th' advertisements of mouldering bones,
Read affidavits graven on the stones,

death to anxious truth declare
decay'd, and strength and youth came there ;
iction then lament the hour,
ted life to stupid knavery's power.
perience toil'd through every age,
lore the scientific page ?
section conn'd the human frame,
ry nerve and shewn its use and aim ?
chymist's analyzing art
search'd and decompos'd each part,
alembic drawn th' elixir free
's mixture and from error's lee ?
the novice, by no master taught,
learn'd and with no science fraught,
office e'er presume to seize,
ir rites, and trifle with disease ?
old law apply its harshest scourge,
correction the foul evil purge.
learning fai:s, and grant that schools
ill oft their graduated fools,
genius, like the meteor bright,
st the stars with more consuming light ;
ze my Persian homage pay,
devoutly reverence each ray :
most in fancy's regions flames,
er sciencee plodding study claims :

Genius delights to cull the fair hued flowers ;
Science the herbs, to learn their healing powers :
Genius herself a Homer's fancy fir'd,
Strung Ossian's harp, and Burns's lays inspir'd,
But heavenly science only can impart
The great arcana of the healing art.
O, then, when untaught flatterers appear,
Let Prudence frown, and Doubt refuse to hear.

Notes, which the truant little loves to hear,
Ringing from yonder dome, salute the ear.
The youth flock forth, some frolicsome and gay,
Sport all their care, and all their object play,
With pranks and tricks and fun delight to raise
The laugh of pleasure and th' acclaim of praise.
Pliant of limb and innocent of heart,
Health and content their active games impart.
Light study forms their minds by slow degrees,
With force to conquer and with charms to please ;
While gentle Discipline, with fit control,
The conduct rules, but ne'er degrades the soul.
Some fir'd with young ambition, grave and slow,
Con o'er the morning lesson as they go,
And every power, with glowing ardour strain,
In the rank'd class the highest place to gain,
The master's smile of approbation cause,
Or win their school-mates or the world's applause.

ire, with emulation's breath which blaz'd,
to a purer, holier flame is rais'd.
red love of science and the arts
us with delightful glow their youthful hearts :
midnight lamp burns on ; with ceaseless toil,
glean from learning's field the ample spoil.
uts, beware ; the pale or hectic cheek,
anguish eye, the unstrung muscle speak
too much to indolence inclin'd,
strong, too steady tension of the mind,
fading bloom of rosy health declare,
leave your weeping friends in dark despair
real gloom seems hanging o'er your head.
a melancholy fits her deepest weeds,
late, with gay anticipations blest,
ondling hope with anxious care 's opposed
not then so rash, waste not so soon
grant Heaven's invaluable boon,
gift of health, the mean of richest joy
eful action, and of sweet employ.
not too fast your search of wisdom
pore too long the pleasing volume
now and then athletic games take
ball and leaping, wrestling and
ith new strength and action
mind, with added force.

The late lean limbs their fair proportions gain,
And blooming strength expel disease and pain.

What various natures are within that school,
From wise and artful to the almost fool !

What different tempers at that centre meet,
From fierce and fiery to the mild and sweet,
The moral elements of good or ill
To rage in storms or gentle dews distil,
To fill mankind with horror and alarm,
Or virtue save and free the work from harm,
As education qualifies, combines,
Prepares, directs, disposes, and refines.

It is not nature, fortune, food, or clime
Or casual circumstance of place or time,
Which makes man wise, or good, or brave, or great,
Fit for the field or qualified for state.

Those ne'er create ; though sometimes they control,
Support the faint or sink th' aspiring soul,
Exalt the cruel Nero to a throne,
Or pull the gentle, generous Louis down.

'Tis Education's skilful, plastic hand,
As the mind opens and the powers expand,
Which moulds their varying shapes, directs their course,
Imparts new charms and adds redoubled force.)
'Twas that which wing'd great Newton's mental flight
To every star which decorates the night,

ick the Comet, open Nature's laws,
ink all being to its great First Cause.
is that inspir'd immortal Maro's song,
as that which thunder'd from a Tully's tongue.
y learned Aristotle's precepts taugt,
Homer's verse inspir'd with daring thought,
e Macedonian, bred to endless fame,
read through the world the terror of his name.
ad gloomy monks his education rul'd,
petit maitres had the hero school'd,
What had he been, except a furious priest,
Dr drunken rake, fair Honour's scorn and jest?

What if a Shakespeare, scorning vulgar rules,
Pass'd to immortal fame without the schools
A studious mind was his, replete with thought,
And e'en with lore scholastic deeply fraught:
Still though his fancy, like Jehovah's will,
An universe of space with worlds could fill,
Yet not from nothing was the fabric made,
Learning materials found and rules lent aid.
Had Shakespeare's self from school made books been kept?
His powers had languish'd and his genius slept.

Such and so vast is education's force,
To form the character and trace life's course.
Here, all alike her liberal gifts may share,
From the poor foundling to the wealthy heir,

And scarce a beggar but the praise may claim
To read his bible and to write his name.
How jocund pass the youthful years away
Beneath her pleasing care and gentle sway.
Conscience has then no worm within the breast,
Revenge no furies to disturb the rest :
The fiercest anger trifles soon appease,
And every novelty has power to please :
No strong afflictions cling around the heart,
No deep concerns distressing fears impart ;
The friend departed draws affection's tear,
Which flows no longer than the hearse is near ;
Some sport soon gives the wounded heart relief
And drives away the evanescent grief.
E'en now, while memory's retrospective eye,
Beholds the scene and calls forth many sigh,
Kens the wide field of early joys laid waste,
And dwells, regretting, on the pleasing past,
Yet, as at intervals, the eager gaze
Rests on the pleasures of life's morning days,
Observes the school boy tricks, the sportive aims,
The roguish plots, the hard contested games,
Reflection brings a soft, a soothing charm
To chase each sorrow and each care disarm.
Stern, but not cruel, although kind yet grave,
Strict and severe yet not the passion's slave,

P_{re}aching Discipline controls the school,
W_{ith} power despotic but with gentle rule ;
T_{he} Babel jargon, and the wild turmoil,
T_{he} playful discord and the angry broil,
A_w'd by his frown, or fearful of his hand,
I_n quick submission yield to his command ;
H_{is} smile Attention studies to obtain,
A_{nd} rich Improvement treasures up her gain.
T_{he}ir tasks perform'd, the liberated boys
A_{gain} return to playfulness and noise.
B_{eneath} their captains, whose superior parts
I_n wrestling, boxing and gymnastic arts,
H_{ave} often won the loud, approving shout,
A_{rrang}'d on sides, appears the sportive rout.
Q_{uickly} the snow form'd battlements arise,
A_{nd} swift the storm of concrete weapons flies.
P_{er}chance some wounded warrior sobs aloud ;
T_{he} taunting shout resounds from all the crowd.
T_o mourn his tarnish'd fame he skulks away,
A_{nd} leaves to hardier lads to end the fray.
T_{he} battle rages fierce, the parties close,
F_{ast} fall the champions, writhing in the snows ;
T_{ill} fugitive, at length, the weaker yield,
A_{nd} leave the foe possession of the field.
N_{ot} greater glory did Atreides claim,
T_o Trojan heroes was not greater shame,

When conquest round his brows her laurels bound,
And mighty Ilium's ruins strew'd the ground,
Than these young, bloodless combatants demand,
Than feel the soldiers of the vanquish'd band.

Such are the scenes which youthful years present,
A healthy body and a mind content.

In learning's fields enrich'd with golden fruit,
Taste culls the flowers and science digs the root,
And claims the stores of long revolving time,
By *letters* hoarded up from every clime.

Yes from the Press and graphic traces flow
The noblest joys mankind possess below.

Mind had been shrouded in the gloom of night,
Till those created and diffus'd the light.

Then pass'd the dismal scene, the clouds were clear'd
And a new world of intellect appear'd.

Blest be the typographic art, which brings
To present view the time-hid course of things,
Speaks for the dumb, gives shape and hue to mind,
Ears to the deaf, and learning to mankind.

This strange, preserving, multiplying art
Can life coeval with old time impart,
Make wisdom present in each hour and place,
And spread its commerce through the human race.

Embalm'd in gum and aromatic drug
And hid in eaves in deep recesses dug

Old Egypt kept her fallen leaders' forms
From foul corruption and devouring worms.
'Twas mockery of Death, who laugh'd to view
The shrivell'd mummy, to his likeness true :
But by the press, his slaughtering arm is foil'd,
And half his trophies from the tomb despoil'd :
In vain he lets his deadliest arrows fly,
The poet, sage, and statesman never die.
The faithful press in all their native charms,
Their wit, their life, their very soul embalms,
Gives them to all to imitate and love,
Correct the heart and intellect improve.
How pure the sources of perennial joy
With them the hours of leisure to employ,
To joke with Swift, to moralize with Young,
And list to all the strains each bard has sung.
Do you delight mid rural scenes to stray ?
The sprightly Thomson will direct the way,
The various view in pleasing landscape trace,
And add to nature's charms redoubled grace.
Or does it please you rather to explore
The fairy realms of legendary lore,
Or o'er the map of man your eye to cast,
And roam with history throughout the past ;
In all those aims, the guiding, aiding press
Will crown your labours with the wish'd success.

Ere any social intercourse began,
Ere arts reclaim'd and learning polish'd man,
Nature's untutor'd and ferocious child,
With brother brutes roam'd o'er the forest wild.
The sturdy hunters common dangers join'd,
And mutual wants in social bonds combin'd :
Then arts arose and science soon appear'd
To decorate the fabrie God hal rear'd :
In power and wealth enlighten'd nations grew,
Empyreal heights unopinion'd Genius flew,
The soil was till'd, the seas o'erspread with fleets,
" Heaven, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their sweet
O that those times, proud days of Greece and Rome
Might have escap'd their melancholy doom.
Curst be the fiend, who broke the lyric string,
And dash'd the waters of Pieria's spring,
Who drove Bellona's car o'er works of mind,
And brought primeval chaos on mankind.
The Goths and Vandals first the world o'erran,
But Superstition clo'sd what they began.

Why did great Bacon waste his powers away,
Shut from the joys of life and light of day ?
Because, in cruel Superstition's eye,
Philosophy was crime and truth a lie,
Nature a witch, and he an impious wretch,
Who dar'd her movements search or aspect sketch

Why was immortal Galileo's life
With idiot churchmen spent in dangerous strife ?
Because he could not stop the rolling world,
As round the sun its rapid course it whirl'd.
Because to teach the eternal laws which move
The orbs revolving in their spheres above,
Was impious heresy, beyond all hope
Of e'er receiving pardon from the pope.

Could learning flourish mid such scenes as these,
When nought but furious bigotry could please ? -
No ! Genius fell by tyrants at its birth,
And Freedom fled, desponding, from the earth :
Freedom return'd, with Science hand in hand
Spreads their mild sway o'er nearly every land.
Freedom and Science are two faithful friends ;
Where one resides the other close attends !

Hence e'en in Albion's Boeotian clime,
Thro' fogs and mists they've rear'd their power sublime :
The joyful muses raise their sweetest strain,
And all the arts are followers in their train.

Hence, in those realms, with every boon endow'd,
Which Nature's bounty ever yet allow'd,
Where Sultans reign, whose force and will are law,
And despots make on man perpetual war,
Oppression all his energies curtails,
And stupid, barbarous ignorance prevails.

Hence too, in this, our dear Columbia's clime,
Blooming as spring, and durable as time,
The stately tree of science and of art
Shall wave luxuriant over every part.
Like India's orange, rich with flower and fruit,
Its top shall tower and deeply sink its root;
Its loaded branches amply shall supply
Food for the mind and pleasure to the eye,
While distant realms shall envy and admire,
Yield us the palm and to our fame aspire.
The human mind shall here pursue its course,
With steady aim and all subduing force,
Till folly's fortresses be batter'd down,
The powers of error all be overthrown,
Barbarian ignorance from her seat be hurl'd,
And truth triumphant rule the happy world.

On these high themes the Muse delights to dwell,
And with spontaneous praise the paens swell.
As when the breeze, the gentle breeze of spring,
Touches the harp, it tunes the trembling string,
So, when Columbia's future glories rise,
As o'er the mind th' enchanting vision flies,
Then music wakes and then the soul of fire,
Though faint and feeble, boldly sweeps the lyre.

But other scenes demand the humble song;
They woo thee, Satire, and invite thy thong.

¶O! aid to lash blind folly from the stage,
—And mend by stern severity the age.
¶O! drive the fiend, Intemperance, away
Ere vice attack, or ruin seize the prey.
See where the reeling monster stalks around,
How God's redoubled curses blast the ground :
See how the air, corrupted by his breath,
Is fill'd with every plague of woe and death.
All penury's ills his wretched follower feels,
And every crime is dogging at his heels.
In yonder mart, where luxury resorts,
And avarice vends what vanity imports,
Where loungers loiter, and the fool repairs
To waste his hours and run in debt for wares,
He sits at home, and, life and sense to drown,
Brims the deep bowl and guzzles poison down.
Though drunkards listen or attention flag,
With nonsense still his noisy tongue he'll wag,
And, often drinking, still grows wise and great,
Settles all questions in the church and state,
Hiccoughs an oath, and stammers out a song,
Then strives to rise, and falls his length along.
What hosts of slaves his livery assume,
Live in debauch, and stagger to the tomb.
Misfortune seeks in sparkling cups relief,
The dream of pleasure in the drowse of grief ;

Whilst opiate drama, a moment soothing care,
Lull him in crime, but rouse him in despair.

The witching potion feverish genius takes,
Which warms the heart and jolly laughter wakes ;
While, all the mind to wild excitement wrought,
Wit points the joke and fancy lights the thought.
"Tis as when lightning blazes in the storm,
Yet clouds convolving all the heavens deform,
While terror trembles as the thunders crash,
And death exulting rides the meteor flash.

But not the pleasures of the sparkling glass,
Which jocund friends in social circles pass ;
Not rare carousals where the free and gay
Toast sainted worth on freedom's natal day ;
Not those we blame, but pleasure's vile abuse,
The drunken revel, and the riot loose,
The waste of time, the loss of fame and wealth,
Domestic comforts, innocence, and health.

O ! ere the poisonous beverage ye sip,
Ere yet the witching draught pollute your lip ;
Pause and reflect ! of wife and children think,
By every sober joy, forbear to drink.
With rosy Naiads to the fountains go,
And quaff the crystal streamlets as they flow,
Or taste Pomona's cup, where rich and clear,
Is press'd the various fruitage of the year,

Or the full horn of Amalthea drain,
And vital health shall flow in every vein :
No heavy gloom shall cloud the dizzy brain,
No qualms shall rise nor penitential pain,
But active youth with manhood march along,
And grey hair'd age remain as manhood strong :
Till ripen'd life, th' autumnal season past,
Will gently sink into the grave at last.

Than foul Intemperance not a smaller pest,
Behold another fiend the scene infest,
Each village haunt, and mar each social joy,
Harass mild peace and harmony destroy.
"Tis gabbling Scandal. From her jaundic'd eyes,
No act escapes ; no passing whisper flies,
But what her quick and ever listening ear,
As echo faithful, never fails to hear.
Her constant efforts no repose require,
No walls discourage, and no vigils tire.
No place is safe ; amongst the graves she prowls,
Lurks in the ways, in every circle scowls,
Her folio journal, with exactest care,
Swells with each trifle, lighter than the air,
Then opes the page to every curious eye,
And smiles in triumph, as succeeds the lie.
By falsehood colour'd and with nonsense fraught,
Lo ! what a mass the envious hag has wrought.

Here titletattle fills the ample page ;
There youth is libell'd and abus'd old age ;
Here, trac'd in gall, appears the beauteous face,
There sneers and jests profane the loveliest grace ;
Here innuendos stain the fairest fame,
There bold aspersion blots an honour'd name ;
In every line is envy, spite, and rage,
Folly indites and malice fills each page.
Foul Witch, avaunt, compose unsettled peace,
Repent thy fury and thy nonsense cease ;
So shall the friend again repose on friend,
And jarring feuds in social blessings end,
Confiding Love with constant Virtue reign,
And Mirth and Pleasure frolic on the plain.

Yet O ! beware of Party Spirit's rage,
The source of direst ills to every age,
The lowering cloud o'er Freedom's brilliant star,
Heavy with ruin, black with civil war.
As where in deserts of Arabian lands
Some gushing spring spouts up amidst the sands,
Its dewy freshness feeds the towering palms,
And clothes the spot with all of Nature's charms ;
But when the hot Sirocco rushes by,
The withering beauties catch the blast and die :
So, midst a world of tyranny and dread,
Where blooming Freedom droops its flowery head

In this bless'd land, its blushing honours blow,
And ripening fruits in rich luxuriance grow ;
But Party Spirit's pestilential power
Wilt the fair growth and blights the charming flower,
While factious feuds and unforgiving hate
Waste half the civil honours of our State.
The Ins and Outs a constant warfare wage,
With all the malice of vindictive rage,
With all the ardour avarice inspires,
And all ambition's stimulating fires.
To either side unnumber'd followers throng,
Some right in motive, most in action wrong,
Assailants fierce, accoutred cap a pie,
In pride's and prejudice's panoply.
With loud declaiming demagogues at head,
Or now and then, perchance, by statesmen led,
Resolv'd, though conquer'd, still to scorn to yield,
They take with clash of arguments the field :
Truth tilts with Error and she hurls amain
Her forceful weapons, but she hurls in vain ;
On Folly's mail they fall with thundering sound,
And blunted fall unhonour'd by a wound.
Should sage Experience show her reverend form,
Thus would she lull to peace the raging storm.

"Contending fools ! your tumult cease,
And hear the words of Age,

Return to mutual love and peace,
And banish Party Rage.

When tyrants, grasping lawless power,
Stretch forth the iron hand ;
O, then your hurtling vengeance shower,
And drive them from the land.

When foreign foes the ocean sweep
To rob the freighted waves,
Let thundering cannon sink them deep
Within their watery graves :

But let not War's accursed thirst
Be slak'd with blood of friends,
And Nature's holy ties be burst,
As sire with son contends.

By History's all instructive page
The ills of Faction know,
And learn from civil discord's rage
What crimson torrents flow.

See Henry's lily tinted rose
And Richard's ruby flower,
On English grounds their bloom disclose,
Bedew'd with human gore.

See Freedom from her empire hurl'd
On dread Pharsalia's field,
And the proud Mistress of the world
To Usurpation yield.

In prison, exile, woods, and glens,
Through Fortune's changes run,
Fierce from foul Minturnia's fens
And arid Lybia's sun,

See Marius now, in evil hour,
Midst Punic ruins mourn,
And now, by rising Faction's power
To empire's honours borne.

A seventh time Lord of wretched Rome,
His sevenfold fury glows
To seal in general death the doom
Of rivals and of foes ;

But Faction, led by passions wild,
A frequent change requires ;
A party's Idol 's soon revil'd,
And yields to new desires.

The tyrant falls ; but Faction rears
Another Moloch's fane ;
Triumphant Sylla soon appears
And fixes Terror's reign.

The virgin's screams, the matron's moans,
The fierce, tumultuous fight,
Ten thousand victims' dying groans,
And universal fright,

Here self destroy'd Despair, a corsæ,
And Clamour bri'b'd and hush'd,
There Law beneath Prescription's force
In mournful ruins crush'd,

With goary heads the Forum fill'd,
The streets besmear'd with blood,
And mangled bodies of the kill'd
Damning the Tyber's flood ;

These were the ills in ancient Rome,
Which flow'd from Faction's rage,
And such has been the constant doom
In each succeeding age.

When Titus brav'd Jerus'lem's Powers,
And storm'd its triple wall,
Batter'd its high and solid towers
And shook it to its fall ;

Had harmony within prevail'd
And jarring factions join'd,
In vain his legions had assail'd,
In vain the world combin'd.

The wond'rous fane of Israel's God,
Still towering and sublime,
Unhurt by battering War had stood
Through all the rounds of Time.

Holy of Holies, so shall stand
Your Freedom's sacred fane,
The pride, the safety of the land
In solid pomp remain,

Till Factions meet in civil war
To tear its pillars down,
Till Usurpation conquer Law
And claim its regal crown.

In Union is the cable's strength
By which the anchor 's cast,
With flexible power and ample length
To hold your safety fast ;

But all the cable's threads entwin'd,
Strong as the golden chain,
Whose wond'rous tenure holds combin'd
The Heavens, and Earth, and Main,

Are torn apart by Faction's arts
And disunited stand,
The Ship of State her mooring starts
And wrecks upon the strand.

O then your factious discord cease
And hear the words of Age,
Return to mutual love and peace
And banish all your rage.

Such is the lore by reverend Wisdom taught,
From observation learn'd and searching thought.
In vain ! her voice, unheeded as the wind,
Touches no string upon the vacant mind :
In party strife the friend divides from friend
And sever'd kindred sullenly contend.
Here let us seek this direful Discord's source
And follow down the poison'd fountain's course.
Pure, abstract virtue, to mankind not given,
Since Cato's death, has been confin'd to Heav'n :
Some seeret hope of profit or applause,
A primum mobile, a moving cause,
The moral system of the world controls,
And marks th' eccentric course of human souls.
Mankind are selfish, love of public good
Is little felt and seldom understood ;
But once in ages as the comet bright,
Flash forth the transient glories of its light,
Emblaze Columbus with its lambent flame,
Or rise to light our Washington to fame,
Then stream away in realms of space afar
To shine again, a fair, millennial star.

One, nobly selfish of their own respect,
Are just and honest, faithful and correct ;
But half of those, although a sinking land
Would ask their purse or claim an aiding hand,
Would fear to danger to oppose a shield,
And shrink unpaid a sacrifice to yield.

Some meanly selfish, a more venal crew,
With nought but power or riches in their view,
While frowning Virtue interdicts in vain,
The basest means the favourite end to gain.
Patriot merit slander's shafts they aim,
With vacant heads and noisy tongues declaim,
Cry the statesman, puff the stupid knave,
Report the traitor, stigmatize the brave,
All wisdom folly, honour's self defame,
Scourge truth and every thing misname.
And why ? Forsooth a rival to disgrace,
To win a salary or to steal a place.

Where public favour no distinction shows,
No rank indulges, and no title knows,
Here equal rights, as common blessings, fall,
Like solar rays and evening dews, on all ;
Here wealth no power or privilege insures,
And office opes to every one its lures,
"Censor Morum" each the other eyes,
Reigns his life, and every error tries,

While Degradation pulls the felon down,
And Accusation wins the laurel crown.
Hence rival crowds in competition strive
To bask in honours and by office thrive.
Who wins the eager and tumultuous race ?
Sure, Merit only should be paid by place.
Alas ! Caprice, too oft, elections rules,
Too oft preferment falls to rogues and fools.
Judge not by honours, learn the thing to scan
And separate the officer and man.
Creature of form, exterior, and parade,
Too oft, the officer by fraud is made ;
Some fourteenth Cousin, potent in the State,
Formed him his tool and placed him with the Gre
But let Discernment raise the veil of Art,
You laugh with scorn or with abhorrence start.
How fell that badge, due only to the brave,
Upon the shoulder of yon recreant knave ?
Forsooth by gaining each unwilling friend
His suit to aid and character commend.
What plac'd that lump of almost lifeless clay,
A soulless creature, in promotion's way ?
His place was won by sycophantic guile,
By claims unfounded and by beggary vile,
Or Wealth perhaps by influence might gain
What only modest Merit should obtain.

Clamosus fluent pleads his Party's cause
Midst gaping crowds and thunders of applause,
And shews to biass'd minds, as clear as light,
That truth is falsehood and that wrong is right.
He scatters dogmas coin'd in folly's mint,
And proves assertions by a lieing print.
In tides of eloquence invectives flow,
Bear down the fame of every party foe,
Drive documents to wreck, sweep facts away,
And drown poor Reason in the wordy spray.
Were his the power he'd drench the land in blood,
And slaughter half its sons—for public good :
Like other madmen still he thinks he 's right,
And still, in Nature's and in Reason's spite,
Assumes the patriot's and the statesman's name,
And sighs for office, influence, and fame.
Full oft he wins them, while th' admiring crowd,
Of one so bustling, positive, and loud,
Measure the knowledge by the self conceit,
And think the puff'd up nothing truly great.

The minor elves of Party Spirit view,
The pedlers of old lies vamp'd up anew,
The whippers-in of voters gone astray,
Runners of faction, zanies of the play.
Yet blame not them, they know not to explore
The paths of learning for the Statesman's lore.

News-paper columns their researches bound ;
On hearsay evidence their creeds they found ;
They have of knowledge and of truth no test
Except the Village Lawyer or the Priest,
Whose bold assertions have with them more weight
Than all Montesquieu thought or Histories state :
Sense first may doubt, but repetition blinds,
And bears at length conviction to their minds.

Aloof, the Patriot eyes the scene below,
With calm contempt or with indignant glow.
His wide philanthropy spreads unconfin'd,
Beyond a Party's bounds to all mankind ;
His liberal mind a general system frames,
And in that system knows no private aims,
No views to self, no patronage of friends,
No mean contrivances for paltry ends.
No factious tumults move his steadfast soul,
No lures entice him and no threats control ;
Through changing times, midst all the scenes of ~~St~~
As stern as Justice and as fix'd as Fate,
He stands sublime and nobly stems the storm
Of Folly's rage and popular alarm,
'Till, all his greatness by the world confess'd,
Fear'd by the vicious, by the good caress'd,
He meets at last the meed he spurn'd to claim,
The unsought prize of office and of fame ;

Yet office adds to him no higher grace,
Tis he reflects his brightness on his place.
Diffusive blessings widely swell around,
And public weal with party spoils is crown'd.

Ye virtuous Yeomen, Guardians of the land,
Be yours the heart, the ever ready hand,
Such worth to aid, such wisdom to select,
Such truth to shield, such honour to protect.
What though no gay armorials declare
Of titled knaves that he 's the legal heir ?
His rank is first by Heraldry of Heaven,
To whom the powers of intellect are given.
What though no pomp his humble state allows ?
He 's truly rich whom virtue's wealth endows :
Plac'd on the level where your fortunes rest,
He knows your wants, he feels when you're oppress'd,
Enjoys your good, participates your pains,
Sinks as you fall, and as you prosper gains.
Such, your wise choice, in happy union blend
The servant, statesman, patriot, and friend.

Your forms of government, by Wisdom given,
Have met the approving smile of favouring Heaven :
Your rightful heir, posterity demands
Your sainted Sires' entailment at your hands.
O guard it with the Vestal's sleepless care,
And leave it e'en more perfect and more fair.

Reader farewell ! The humble lay is o'er,
The "Village" bard's faint voice you'll hear no more.
With bleeding heart he throws his harp away,
To toil in Law and climb its rugged way.
Accept, thou Muse, his long, his sad adieu.
O, might he still the pleasing task pursue,
He'd strive to reach at last your sacred spring,
And strike with abler hand the tuneful string,
Yield worthier offerings and a temple rear,
Which Time might reverence and Oblivion fear ;
And when, by heaven's irrevocable doom,
His frame should moulder in the silent tomb,
His voice might then from Echo's eaves resound,
And Virtue listen to the grateful sound :
But no ! vain dreams ! away ! the client calls,
The vision flies, the air built fabric falls.

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PART I.

SKETCHES OF SLAVERY.

(1)

SECT. 1. THE origin of slavery was such as *is* suited to the continued infamy of its character. At the age of upwards of six hundred years the temperate use of wine, to restore the perishing stamina of life, might properly be indulged. It happened, however, that on one occasion, the venerable Noah had drank too deeply of the fruits of his first postdiluvian vintage, and as he lay in his tent, sleeping away the fumes of intoxication, in a situation which the filial piety of Shem and Japheth led them to veil with averted eyes, his unfortunate son, the progenitor of the Canaanites, detected his situation. At that luckless moment the Father "awoke from his wine," and, in the sudden flush of shame and anger, the terrific denunciation burst from his lips;—"Cursed be Canaan, *a servant of servants* shall he be unto his brethren."

ren." Thus do we find, that, in fulfilling the wise *purpos* of Deity, the most pious of men have been made the instruments of his wrath, and as Adam, by eating of the forbidden fruit, called down that curse which renders life short, so the second father of mankind, by his unhallowed draught brought that, which renders it miserable.

The horrors of slavery have been so often painted in the vivid hues of fiction and the dark colours of history, that the mind turns with disgust from the too familiar view, and irritated sensibility shudders at the repetition of the name. The masterly geniuses of Wilberforce, Pitt, and Fox have illustrated the subject with all the ornaments of eloquence and exhausted the powers of reasoning and description in displaying its character. Like Michael and his angels they stood forth in the cause of justice and virtue, and their triumph at last put an end to the brokerage of blood, and the traffic of the common birthrights of humanity. Those who delight in the history of human depravity and tragic suffering, will find enough to satiate the keenest appetite in the addresses of those philanthropists to the British Parliament on the question of the abolition of the African slave trade. In denouncing that trade, the writer is not actuated by the enthusiasm, which can see in the negro, not only man degraded into a slave, but man, capable of the intellectual excellency of the European, palsied in all his energies by the touch of oppression. He cannot see in him the being de-

cribed by Montgomery, with “ power on his forehead, beauty in his face.” On the contrary while he acknowledges the black inhabitant of Congo or Guinea as a member of the human fraternity, he still asserts his natural inferiority of intellect. To “ mark those whom God marks” is classed among the aphorisms which sage observation has discovered, and, surely, there is no portion of mankind whose physiognomy he has impressed with more striking indications of mental imbecility than that of those beings. Yet so powerful is education to supply with learning where there is a deficiency of genius, and strengthen by art what is weak by nature ; that, if we could see the Negro rising from his native degradation, by the power of imitation, of instruction, or of reflection, we should acknowledge his capacity, and look to the future for his improvement : but, wherever we examine, we find only the slightest traces of invention, of investigation, of art, or of combination of thought. In his wild state he is a gregarious animal, active and ardent, but apparently guided by instinct as much as by reason. In his domesticated state, in the country of the European, within the hearing of the voice of pulpit and forensic eloquence, and in the sight of the operations and effects of every art, we never see him rising above the barbarism of ignorance. With regard to him, mediocrity becomes excellence, excellence a prodigy, a Christophe the hero of history, and a Phillis Wheatly the muse of poetry. An instance cannot be found, since the

first discovery of the Western coast of Africa, of one of *its* habitants or their descendants exerting comprehensive and energetic efforts of intellect. But they are men, and no private advantage or public policy can justify their enslavement, or palliate the enormities committed in stealing them from their native country, subduing them to obedience, and working them as if they were beasts in human shape. A particular description of those enormities will not be attempted, but a general view of their nature and extent may perhaps be interesting, and to some readers instructive.

(2)

SECT. 2. It is stated by Mr. Necker, the celebrated French financier, that the French colonies in 1784 contained nearly five hundred thousand slaves. Before the abolition of the slave trade to the British colonies in 1796 eighty thousand slaves were annually exported from Africa to be consigned to servitude. In 1768 the numbers amounted to upwards of an hundred thousand, more than half of whom were taken for the West-India Islands. They have been sometimes procured from a distance of many hundred miles in the interior of the country, over the sandy and heated deserts of which, they have been driven by the dealers, yoked together in files to prevent their escape, and compelled the same time to bear on their backs the provisions, which the barrenness of the country they passed through, prevented their obtaining on the way. This would not be so mu-

calculated to excite our commiseration, if it is true that only criminals and those who have been taken prisoners of war have been subjected to this fate. History shows the fact to be very different. The women of Benguela allure men to their arms and then betray them, that they may be transferred from their embraces to the chains of slavery. A Congoese "will sell his wife, son, or daughter, for a few beads, a piece of cloth, or a bottle of brandy." The number of slaves annually obtained from them alone are estimated by Mavor at fifteen thousand, who go from the Paradise of Africa, from indolence and plenty into every species of calamities. The Whidahs, who according to rank have from forty to four hundred wives each, and frequently "two hundred little children in one family," sell all of them except the oldest. "The usual articles of commerce on the Ivory coast are cotton cloths, ivory, gold dust, and *slaves*." The inhabitants of Zaara "sometimes seize and carry off the negroes with whom they go to traffic" and sell them. Criminals, insolvents, and prisoners of war have been held as slaves in Africa from remote antiquity; but the commerce with the Europeans has most lamentably multiplied their number. The most trifling offences have, since that time, been made punishable with slavery, which before was the consequence only of the most heinous crimes. The judge, who received a part of the price, will not be supposed to have been either just or lenient in his administration; yet

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there has been no inquiry whether the condemnation was right or iniquitous. Corruption may have been seated on the tribunal, or Perjury been the witness on the stand ! Heedless of that, the European has taken no concern but for the price of the article, and allowed no scruple of conscience to be excited by the cause, which sent the poor Negro to the market of human flesh. Wars have even been wantonly waged by the chieftains, at the instigation of the commanders of European vessels, who loaned the Negro warriours the arms necessary to enable them to kidnap their unoffending neighbours, and then purchased the plunder on their own terms, or, with equal want of honour and honesty, seized on it by force. Having thus made up their cargo, having stowed away sometimes eight hundred naked captives in a vessel, chained together by pairs, hand to hand and foot to foot, they spread the sails to return to the christian country of their homeward destination. The miserable Africans, torn from every thing which was dear to them, separated forever from their families and friends, galled by their iron fetters and handcuffs, debilitated by the sparseness and nauseated by the quality of their diet, agitated by fears for the future and having all the ties to life broken asunder, often resolved, in the settled melancholy of their hearts, to put an end to their lives by suicide. The most dreadful severities have been used to reduce them to submission, but frequently in vain. They have plunged into the ocean for refuge, or per-

isted in their refusal of food until they perished of hunger or the dejection of spirits which hung upon their health has wasted their lives.

(3)

Sect. 3. The manner in which the African slave is treated is every where nearly the same. Small and ill furnished hovels are assigned for his residence, and an allowance of food, often insufficient, serves for his support. He is worked beyond his strength, and is whipped by the overseer without mercy and without provocation. A premature death is the necessary consequence of such hardships. In the West-India islands, particularly, a terrible mortality has prevailed. "Fourteen thousand wretches, that are now in the European colonies of the new world" says the Abbe Raynal, "are the unfortunate remains of nine millions of slaves that have been conveyed thither." A seventh part of those who are imported there are calculated to perish every year, some in the seasoning, but most of ill treatment. The sufferings which the last has produced are such as it might be expected a cruel, voluptuous, and stupid Creole, who is too wealthy to economize, too passionate for reflection, and too hard hearted for sympathy, would inflict on beings whom he hates and despises. It is idle to talk of legal restraints upon men whose crimes are witnessed only by accomplices or sufferers, of the former of whom the testimony would be evasive through interest and corruption, of the latter excluded by

law. Indeed, when you have given power, you will leg in vain about its exercise, and, if you tolerate servile you cannot separate from it the horrors of barbarous tyranny. To detail the examples which prove the of these remarks, would be a distressing and voluminous repetition of the experiments of ingenious cruelty or fortitude of broken hearted despair. Of all the punishments by thumb-screwing, whipping, burning alive, none is so dreadful as that of gibbeting, which is some practised. This is done by placing the devoted wretches in an open cage, which is attached to a tree, where he remains gradually dying of hunger sometimes for nine days, the insects in swarms sting and consume his body, especially his eyes, and penetrate into his ears, and the vultures and other birds of prey begin to feed upon him before he is dead. While his strength continues he is enabled to drive them away, but exhausted at last, he is obliged to submit panting agony to their incessant attacks. Of all the harrowing tortures which fanciful mythology has invented on the ghosts of the damned can any thing be found to exceed this complicated misery. No: one moment of this condemned hell would last a whole eternity, if reduced to the standard of common suffering.

It is such terrifying condensation of cruelty which pressed down the elastic force of human courage into abject submission. It is this which has awed the multu-

when the tyrant scowled, and withered the strength of the host when the imperious planter raised the voice of command. It is this which kept six hundred thousand Hispaniolan slaves in subjection to ninety thousand masters, and has humbled mankind to fall under the wheels of political or religious Juggernautic Idols.

(4)

SECT. 4. In some parts of Greece where a degree of liberty was indulged to the citizens nearly approximate to anarchy, the number of slaves was twenty times as great as that of the free men. In Athens, on the first day of every month, the merchants, the creditors or conquerors of men, carried to the forum for sale those whom poverty or the fortune of war had placed within their power. Jealous of that attachment to freedom in others, which they felt so strong in themselves, they practised the same methods of repressing it in their slaves, as are used to tame the ferocious beasts of prey. Stripes were the ordinary means of preserving a suitable degree of humility. Excessive labour and branding were at other times the punishments of offences, and racking on the wheel was applied to extort confessions of imputed crimes. Yet, on the whole, the bonds of Grecian servitude were but silken bands. The slave was often the tutor and companion of his master. The female captive frequently held the conqueror in the subjugation of love, and as she was intrahalled by means of the irresist-

The ardour of Grecian valour, so he was enchain'd by those supremacy of beauty. The brave, the eloquent, the powerful Chief laid his trophies at the feet of an accomplished mistress, whose elegance for once gave respectability to a licentious intercourse, and filled it with an indescribably enchanting sentimental interest which matrimony has seldom attained. Even philosophy paid homage to her as to a goddess, and she might truly be said to have conquered the prudent and valour of Greece, by means of the liberality which it exercised whenever bondage was circumvented by learning or adorned by the graces.

If Greece was sometimes cruel to its slaves, terrible has been the punishment. Turkish despotism has avenged the wrongs which she inflicted on subjugated nations. Religion sanctified the cruelties in the temples of her gods, despotism has spared her alive and her vine, and the extirpation of all remains of her ancient population has been the subject of consternation in the Divan of the Porte. An associate, furnished by Chateaubriand, serves to exhibit the policy of the present government of that country in a characteristic manner. "The Greeks," says he, "persecuted a peasant, who was fortifying up the mountain, all of the result they called to him to come down to the earth and leave them. The peasant said that he had no right to do so, and that the earth between the sky above and the earth below was his. The Turk received him with a smile, and said, 'We are much

as and composure as ever. The peasant descended guard to all appearance wounded, for he wept and his blood, on which fifty strokes of the bastinado administered to cure him." Merciful God, thou whose commands Moses remonstrated for stupid and who hearest the expostulation of Abraham for ked inhabitants of Sodom, is there no voice of supa for the countrymen of Homer, of Leonidas, of theenes, and of Socrates which can reach thy throne. too long has the voluptuous Mahometan rioted on the f the land of genius and wisdom.

(5)

5. The Spartans, who stood as anomalies in rela-
every thing common to other states, are exceptions
to foregoing remarks. In the austerity of conquered
they plied the lash of oppression over the backs of
laves with a pitiless hardihood, only equalled by the
ortitude with which they paid back the invaders of
il with death or defeat. Indifferent to pain in them-
and dead to all the amiable sympathies of humanity,
sed of materials much like their own iron coin, brief
ch, and quick and powerful in action, their cruelty
ompt, constant, grand, and unrelenting. When the
ar qualities of body or mind of an Helot distinguished
om his fellows, a band of assassins was chosen from
outh, who despatched him in the night. A secret law

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performed the noblest services for the the great multiplication of them, while averse would have prompted them to a terrible revenge, if they had not often been shorn of their weapons. From the timidity on one part and suspicious cruelty on the other, resulted a state of tranquil and long continued suffering which was consistent with the character of human nature: but the innate spirit of freedom sometimes broke out in resistance. The assertion of right was however of little avail, without the power to maintain it, and unsuccessful struggles only entangled the more in the toils. Under the pretence of a rebellion greater wantonness was given to destruction, and, on a single occasion, two thousand Helots disappeared and were seen no more. The murder of two thousand slaves might have troubled the sensitive and hesitating tenderness of an Athenian, but the sullen laconism of the republic of Lycurgus would have settled the question with three words of debate, and its unsusceptible hardihood have executed the resolve without one emotion of human compassion. Under such a policy, how great must have been the misery endured by those exposed to its action, in the long and daily intercourse with so accomplished tyrants.

(6)

Sect. 6. In Rome slavery was incorporated into almost every family. To gratify the ostentatious vanity of a single master, many thousand slaves were sometimes retained, as the evidence of his wealth and magnificence. Some hu-

dreds resided in the same stately palace with himself, as a part of his household, to discharge the menial offices which his luxury or convenience required. Others exercised the liberal or mechanical arts, and every department, in its numerous subdivisions, had its particular ministers. A porter, chained at the door, received the guests; a buffoon amused them with his tricks, and crowds of domestics awaited, in fear and trembling, the commands of their master. "When a noble of Rome" says Marcellinus, who wrote in the imperial age, "has called for warm water, if a slave has been tardy in his obedience, he is instantly chastised with three hundred lashes." The ergastula, in the precincts of the mansion, were filled with workmen in chains, and the labourers in the vineyards and plantations might move by the clanking of their fetters. To complete the climax of atrocious cruelty, the aged and decrepid, who had worn out their strength in service, were carried to an island in the Tyber to perish of hunger. The deficiency which their deaths occasioned, was easily supplied from the provinces, or by the debtors, rendered excessively numerous by usury and extravagance, and whose lives and persons were placed by the laws at the entire disposal of their creditors. The Romans, for a long time, held an absolute dominion over their slaves. In one instance, as if the unrestrained passions of men would not carry them far enough, a special decree was passed by the Senate for the legalizing of injustice. It provided that

whenever a Patron was murdered by his domestics, all of those who lived under his roof at the time should be executed for not having prevented the crime. Tacitus, in the concise and simple style, for which he is remarkable, relates an instance of the application of this law. One of the servants of Pedanius Secundus, in revenge of the refusal of a purchased manumission, or urged by jealousy, on finding him a rival in love, was guilty of his murder. They were all condemned to make the atonement of death by the hands of the executioner. The people interfered in favour of the innocent men, who were exposed to punishment, and seditiously prevented its execution. The affair fell under the cognizance of the Senate. The danger of innovation, the insecurity which would result from a want of responsibility, and the necessity of making a partial sacrifice to the common safety, were all urged against the unfortunate slaves, and these arguments, aided by the authority of Caius Cassius, prevailed against the murmurs of those whose pity was excited “ by the numbers, or age, or sex, or undoubted innocence of the greater part of the slaves.” They were executed under a military guard, with which the whole way to the place of suffering was enclosed, to secure them from being rescued by the populace.

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SECT. 7. The oppression of the Roman slaves produced many commotions both in the provinces and the capital. 1

Sicily, at two different times, they broke out in rebellions, which were only quelled after terrible struggles, which cost the insurgents the enormous expenditure of a million of lives. But the most formidable of all the rebellions was that which was raised in Italy by the celebrated Spartacus, a Capuan gladiator, whose great spirit spurned the servility of his station. It happened at a time when Rome was at the height of her power, but it made the mistress of the world tremble for her safety. The little band of twenty eight fugitive slaves, who first engaged in the revolt, by a series of victories became increased to an army of an hundred and twenty thousand men. Their early good fortune seemed, however, only the preparative to their more complete destruction. Rome, at last, found in Crassus, a general worthy of being opposed to the accomplished chieftain of the rebels. A battle, which left forty thousand of their numbers dead on the field, gave a fatal blow to their hopes. If we credit the account of Livy, in preference to that of Plutarch, we can enumerate the deaths of sixty thousand more, in the different engagements which took place. Six thousand, who fell alive into the hands of the victors, crucified along the road from Capua to Rome, were the additional memorials of the evils of slavery.

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SECT. 8. In Europe the feudal system has been a system of slavery, and history furnishes many particulars concern-

ing it ; but the subject is too extensive for our circumscribed limits, and we shall advert only to a single constituent part in its wide field of objects.

In those countries where that system continues the forest laws remain in unabated vigour, and the chase, the peculiar “franchise of princely pleasure,” may be ranked among the existing appendages of slavery. Not only the property in the soil, but of all wild game, is considered as vested in the sovereign, and a trespass upon it by the ignoble and unqualified, as among the greatest of crimes. ~~Before~~ the charter of the forest, the King of England could have a forest wherever he pleased on the land of his subjects, and some of the royal huntsmen actually laid waste extensive tracts, razing the dwellings of men to give place to the retreats of foxes, and driving the flocks from the fields, that the deer might fatten on the herbage. The most outrageous tyranny was practised. To kill any of the beasts of chase was a capital offence, and even the winged creation was interdicted by King John. Courts were constituted to enforce the forest laws, and the fines imposed became a branch of the revenue. One of these courts, now nominally existing, was instituted for the particular important purpose of cutting off the claws of mastiffs, to prevent their chasing the deer. The nobility in England however lopped away the forest laws to insert on the stock the game laws, little less noxious in their influence than the pestilent shade

original growth. In the petty subroyalties, denominated manors, woe to the unqualified sportsman who is in the game keeper's department, and few compare with the qualifications required. While a freehold annual value of forty shillings, authorizes the tenant his suffrage in the election of his parliamentary representative, his estate must be increased fifty fold before he is liable to kill a partridge, without the hazard of corporal or pecuniary penalties. The exemption in favour of the **HEIR APPARENT** of an Esquire upwards, is extreme but in a trifling degree the hard operation of the laws. Little indeed have those countries to boast of freedom, where the subject, who kills a pheasant in a field or keeps a gun peaceably in his house, may be condemned for it as a criminal, and adjudged guilty of a wrong.

PART II.

SKETCHES OF THE FOLLIES AND CRUELTIES GROWING OUT OF PENAL LAW, WITH AN INTRODUCTORY SECTION UPON LAWYERS.

(9)

SECT. 1. BEING about to expose the evils which the absurdity of penal codes has produced in other countries, it might be proper also to take a more general view of their systems of civil law compared with our own. In such an examination we should find an ample source of proud satisfaction: yet it would be absurd to deny that many grievances grow out of the imperfection of our own laws, and still more from the manner in which they are administered. This circumstance has heaped a mountain of odium upon the lawyers. A prevailing prejudice or vulgar artifice has long rendered them, as a body, the object upon which wit has proved its adroitness and blackguard ribaldry tested its powers. The shafts of satire, which should only be directed against follies and vices, are thus glanced upon individuals, the profession is wounded, and innocence suffers with guilt.

To give to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's is a precept holy writ has rendered sacred. We shall observe it we pay the tribute of our respect to the talents, the less and the virtues of the lawyers. We shall not depart from it when we say that the system which supports them, existing circumstances, is fatal to public welfare. muscle and nerve in the body politic is tortured by its. Yet it is a system sanctioned by law and supported by us. By the other professions means will be used to entrap the unwary and destroy the feeble ; but in those cases the effect is calculated to be injurious only to few and must not them be avoided. In the present instance the evil exists with the diffusibility of air and spreads with contagion and influence. In a country where every arrangement of society depends upon public sentiment there must be frequent revolutions. Facts furnish the proof of it. The clergy once in this country a predominating influence, who have long been declining, and the hemisphere of the lawyers rolled round to enjoy its day of popular favour. Both classes of men have superior means either for benefiting or injuring society. The ambitious part of each, if trust far, might be disposed the one to erect its Inquisition, the other its Bastille, or they might unite to rear a temple where a simultaneous homage should be paid at the altar to God and the Idol of Mammon.

The opportunity which the lawyer enjoys to obtain a abuse public confidence shows the necessity of an accurate

ination of character and a rigid censorship of conduct. No situation in life presents a fairer view of the virtues and passions of the human heart than that of a man in power; none more conducive to giving acumen to observation, ingenuity to reasoning, and promptitude in the exertion of the mental resources. The thoughts of man are hidden under a covering transparent to his own eyes; he knows how to torpify their powers, while he preserves the stores of their laborious industry. It is adroit to secure the protection of innocence, but it is also the security of the villain. In the continual intercourse with men he is conscious of his superior acquirements, though he cannot assert them by authority, he leads them by a blind devotion. How does he apply the fearful power, to which the multitude bows with such deference and awe? Too often to a alliance with its folly,—to the unholy embrace of its enemies. The multitude knows it and feels it. It smarts under the consciousness of its humiliation, but it knows not how to rise from its nerveless abasement; for legislative power has fastened the chain ere professional avarice exacts the sacrifice or professional ambition secured its triumph. Sophistry too has its means to beguile, artifice to subdue, and influence to awe: extra-professional interests are easily brow beaten, and the ebullitions in the mass generally settle ere the seam of corruption can be drawn away. In short, it is evident that the seat of Justice is removed.

tie is too much like an Arena for forensic gladiators, where skill triumphs over right, where facts are hidden beneath the cloak of formalities, and where the expense of redress is worse than acquiescence in injury. It is not however intended indiscriminately to censure the lawyers. They move on an orb which has acquired a momentum of motion, derived from the impulse of popular vice or error, and the tendency of their own interest or conviction of right. Yet, if they had as strong inducements to create as to resist a reform, and were to derive as great benefits from preventing litigation, from expediting decisions, and from ameliorating the evils of coercive justice, as from an opposite course, surely, no one will doubt that happiness would be more widely diffused, and technical mystery give place to simplicity and light. Happily, the facility of reformation is a constituent excellence of our government. We have none of that Median stability, which sanctifies folly and perpetuates the curse of legislative madness. Any humble individual has a right to lift the veil, hung over the sanctuary of professional influence, and to expose the impostures of the ministers around the polluted altar. Painful indeed would it be to the people to break down a profession, which they cannot but admire and revere, which possesses all the endowments which adorn humanity, and all the virtues which exalt it; yet, unfortunately, are placed on a sphere of action where those endowments are perpetually marauding on the excel-

which counteract their sway. Could a system of justice be adopted which should render the whole community interested to secure a private right or redress a private wrong that would be avoided, and talents and learning would be the hirelings of corruption. Without here pointing the course to such a result, we leave the foregoing suggestions for the reflection of the reader, and proceed to the comparative blessings we enjoy under a wise administration of a mild and equitable penal code.

(10)

2. In the origin of society, right and wrong, as qualities, were blended in undistinguished confusion. Violence was the evidence of property ; force was the title to its tenure ; dominion was the privilege of strength ; destruction was the fate of the feeble. The master of the herd culled the fruits of his choice. He ranged the country at royal license. The gregarious race, sensible of dependence, became also conscious of common strength. Confederate strength, at length, conquered individualism and established law ; but the experience of man gave it birth took little care for its improvement. It is as capricious as folly, versatile as the form of Proteus. In modes of dress, it has changed with fashion. It has disobeyed by its officers, eluded by its subjects, and been betrayed by its ministers. It has been made the slave of the agent of iniquity. In short it has been perverse

in error, but unsteady in reformation. Such is the general character; but these traits are more particularly designed for the description of criminal law.

The criminal law should regard the whole community with an equal eye of parental tenderness. There should be in its composition no vindictive fury, nor undue flexibility. While its steady justice produces fear, its equitable lenity should cherish love. In judgment it should remember mercy. The law, as did that of the Jews, which requires an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, founded on the narrow principle of revenge, is neither calculated for an atonement or a preventative of an injury. Its penalties are often disproportioned to the offence. Is the eye of par- blind age of the same consequence as the quick sighted or- gan of youthful vision? Is the limping member of the halt and decrepit equal to the vigorous and muscular limb of the hale and active? Surely not. The rule of retaliation there- fore meets an unequal measure of punishment. It is also often inapplicable, and it excludes the consideration of cir- cumstances which vary, by a thousand shades, the blackness of guilt. When by the impulse of just indignation, for a moment forgetting the law, you chastise the wretch, who assails you with opprobrious language, who slanders your friend, or injures your honour, shall you receive back the blow with the force with which it was applied? It would be most unjust.

her principle, as absurd as that of retaliation, places the race of offences under the same ban of unrelenting undistinguishing severity. The petty pilferer and vicious highwayman, the most venial and the most odious, bloodstained criminal are hurried together, by one sentence, to the same block. However violations unimportant as they may be, may seem to the rigors of this Draconian system deserving of the highest punishment, which should be inflicted on the most deep and odious, it is not the less pernicious thus to level and dethrone them. Crimes become as indifferent in the eye of the perpetrator as in that of his judge, and he commits to his country as readily as an assault on his neighbor. Most legislators, convinced of the absurdity of such a punishment, have restricted the universality of its application, but have not deviated enough from the degree of its severity. They have not had enough of the spirit of philanthropy to temper their sternness. Hence, wherever we go beyond the limits of our own Elysian fields, we see scenes of victims thrown into the loathsome dungeon or tortured gripe of the executioner, whom the salutary influence of our laws would have rescued, reformed, and educated. Laws which have been enacted for temporary purposes to subserve the passions of the powerful, have continued for ages to ruin and distress, while the objects of suffering have been unheard or disregarded.

Bad as has been the legislation, yet the execution has been still worse. While some laws have remained a mere dead letter, the monuments of the folly of those who devised them, others have been administered with rigour. But the great evil has been that arbitrary judges have made false interpretations, and established their sovereign will as the paramount authority.

The establishment of Penitentiaries, which exist in Europe and generally in the United States, is one of the largest strides ever taken in the march of judicial improvement; and none can hereafter be made to equal it, until justice can be permitted to weigh the motive with the action, and deduct from punishment according to the temptation to crime. This is done, in a measure, in certain cases, by the discretionary power vested in the judge. In other instances, as in the sentence for capital crimes, that divine principle is lost sight of, and no allowance is made, although the legal convict might perhaps be a moral saint, as if a mother should rob for the preservation of her famishing children. For this reason and others still stronger, the punishment by death should be abolished in favour of that by labour, when the convict remains a durable example, and the State derives a profit from his penance.

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SECT. 3. In Great Britain under the Anglo Saxon laws every kind of crime had its price. The commission of murther

or was considered but as the value received, for which a rated sum, according to the rank of the murdered, was a full discharge. The life of a King cost twelve thousand pounds, and common men might be killed for a little more than a thousand per head. Wounds were rated according to their length, breadth, and depth, and every limb was estimated at a certain equivalent. Theft and robbery, defamation and other crimes, were also cheaply bought off. The charge was not enhanced by circumstances of aggravation, nor diminished by those of extenuation. From even the miserable satisfaction the offender could escape to the sky refuge of a church, obtain impunity by the shelter of its sanctuary, and secure safety by a flight from his country. The state of confusion which must have existed, the insecurity to the poor, and the license to the rich which must have prevailed can be imagined only with horror.

Capital punishments were occasionally inflicted at this time, and frequently afterwards. A short intermission, however, was produced by the introduction of various kinds of mutilations, which, for a while, took place of the punishment by death. Sometimes the criminal was even obliged to mutilate himself. In this way was punished the stealing from the lead mines in Derby by a law of Edward 1st. A hand of the unfortunate culprit being nailed to a table, he remained in that situation, until he released himself, by cutting it off with the other. Would not such deprivations be

worse than the loss of life? Could the wretch whose hand was severed from his arm, or who was compelled, as was sometimes the case, to abjure his country, deprived of the very feet which should have supported his wanderings, have done otherwise than have cursed every hour of his existence.

Reviewing indeed the whole history of the English penal law, we find it marked by an absurd severity. No less than one hundred and sixty of the various actions, which from the frailty or depravity of human nature, a man is liable to commit, have been pronounced by statutes to be felonies, without benefit of clergy. One hundred and sixty offences have been declared by parliaments as capable of no expiation but death. The stealing of twelve pence, the cutting down a cherry tree in an orchard, being seen for a month in the company of gypsies, and many other trifling actions are found in this melancholy catalogue. How vast must be the bulk of accusing testimony which this wanton waste of life has afforded. In the single reign of Henry 8th, seventy-two thousand persons were executed. Such was the delay of justice before the time of Edward 1st, that one half the prisoners are supposed to have died in their confinement, before trial. The picture can be contemplated only with horrour, yet how deepened, how consummated, when the shades of aggravating cruelty are added to complete the description. It was not enough to send the victim into eternity; the departure

of his soul must be attended with agony. Vengeance could not be appeased by death. It delighted, as the tyger with his prey, to prolong and multiply its pangs. The most cruel of all the punishments, the *peine forte & dure* was inflicted on those, who, having been arraigned, refused to plead: Remanded to their prisons, they were laid naked on their ~~backs~~, on the bare floor. Their legs and arms were stretched out with cords, and a weight as heavy as they could bear was placed upon their breasts. The only nourishment allowed them was three morsels of bread on the first day, and three draughts of standing water, found nearest the prison, on the second day. This alternate allowance was continued to them until they answered, or death put an end to their sufferings. There were numerous instances of persons preferring this awful catastrophe, rather than be exposed to a conviction, which would have been followed by a forfeiture of their estates. Such disinterested love of their descendants deserved a better fate. By a subsequent alteration of the law, if a culprit refuses to answer, he is proceeded against as if he had pleaded.

On conviction of high treason, the person, if a woman, was sentenced to be burned alive. If the offender was a man, he was drawn to the stake, where he was hanged. He was cut down and his bowels taken and burned while he was yet alive. He was then quartered and disposed of at the King's pleasure. Forfeiture of property, and corruption of blood

carried down the curse of poverty and disgrace to his posterity. The victims of this barbarous mode of execution have been most numerous. Treasons have been any thing and every thing. When undefined, an arbitrary discretion has rarely failed to abuse its prerogative. When defined, a constructive perversion easily extended its limits. The stealing of cattle by Welshmen, calling the king opprobrious names by public writing, the *believing* that Henry the eighth was lawfully married to Anne of Cleves, and many other things, equally important, have been pronounced to be deserving the penalty of treason. Words alone, loose, unpublished, and irrelative to any act, have produced condemnations for that offence.

(12)

SECT. 4. It is only a long and various experience which can give perfection to laws. In their origin they are rude, and they keep pace with the progress of society in improvement. With a barbarous people, they are of a correspondent character, few, simple, and inartificial. Such was the state of law with the ancient inhabitants of Great Britain, more particularly, however, with that part of it which related to criminal trials. The person accused had only to summon his friends or vassals, and, if his influence or power could bring a sufficient number to his aid, he was sure to escape a penalty. They appeared as the compurgators to attest in his favour. Having placed his hand upon theirs, he swore

by God and by the hands which were under his that he was not guilty. If the number of hands was sufficient, and if one, shrinking from the oath, were withdrawn, he was acquitted. When we consider how low, at that period, was the price of perjury, for even then, although corruption was not sufficiently advanced to have generated that monster, the Pope, yet money could procure acquittances and absolutions, we cannot suppose that there could often have been ~~indolence~~. Indeed perjury seems to have been one of the most common vices of that vicious age. The manner in which testimony was given on those occasions sufficiently evinces it. Hosts of witnesses were drawn up, under the banners of the respective parties, to swear right valiantly against each other. Their exact subordination, their promptitude in the use of oaths, and the undaunted boldness of their mutual encounters, furnish excellent patterns for the discipline of military corps. The credibility of the witness was measured by the rank which he held, and the merits of the cause were decided by simple addition. The oath of a Thane was considered equal to that of six Ceorls, and the King alone could outwear the Thanes by dozens. Without recurring to history, it may readily be inferred that a mode of trial like this was giving a perfect impunity to all who had riches by which to bribe, or power by which to control. It was constituting an Aristocracy, which like every government of the wealthy and ennobled few, subjects the many to every outrage.

The poor, finding that they could more easily bribe a priest than purchase so many witnesses as were often necessary, succeeded at last to introduce the ordeal. They found it much easier to perform the mockery of obtaining the evidence from heaven, than to procure it from man, and therefore submitted to the tribunal. If this is not the true reason of the adoption of trial by ordeal, it is nevertheless a natural one. The question is however of no importance.

Ordeals were of various kinds, of the principal of which a very brief description is subjoined.

In the ordeal of the cross the guilt or innocence of the accused was determined by lot. If the priest who drew the lots, took the one on which the figure of the cross was impressed, it was considered as the verdict of God that the defendant was not guilty.

The ordeal by bread and cheese, called the *Cornned*, was principally resorted to by the clergy. From the sacredness of their profession, they considered themselves very justly entitled to the most safe and convenient mode of trial. It was supposed, if the accused was guilty, that God would send the angel Gabriel to stop his throat with the food of which he impiously dared to taste. The heavenly messenger seldom appeared, the bread and cheese was swallowed without obstruction, and few convictions of course took place.

The ordeal of cold water, if less pleasant, was certainly not much more dangerous. It was accompanied by a va-

icity of acts of solemnization and devotion, and was principally used by the common people. The prisoner, bound hand and foot, was thrown into the pool, which the priest had adjured by all that was holy, if he was guilty, to throw him back upon its surface. From principles of specific gravity, it was seldom or never so cruel as to reject him, or to refuse to vindicate his innocence.

The next important judge on this mystic bench was fire. The person who could plunge his arm in boiling water, handle red hot balls of iron, or walk on fiery ploughshares, without injury, was pronounced immaculate. That this often happened, and without a miracle too, I could easily show; but the detail of tricks of holy juggling and legerdemain are no contemptible for a moment's attention.

The trial of jealousy among the Jews was a species of ordeal, which, if it had been a mere human regulation, would have deserved to be spoken of very differently from what it should be, when considered as the mode of proceeding, as he form and manner in which the Deity himself was pleased to administer justice, by means of the miraculous water, which *caused the curse* to the guilty. It is well that the Israelites were not so jealous as some in later times have been, or they would have been impoverished even by the little offering of a tenth of an ephah of barley, which was carried into the court of the priest. It may also perhaps be said that there have been some, who have had reason to rejoice that they

have not been compelled by their easy husbands to be charged "with the oath of cursing," and to have drank the draught of bitterness.

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SECT. 5. That Turkish fatalism which gave birth to the trial by ordeal, although it has long since ceased to have that effect, yet still exists to produce other evils. The soldier believes himself as safe amidst the storm of war as in the peaceful culture of the fields; the merchant that his vessel may ride as safely to its port amidst the commotion of the elements, as when gentle breezes waft it on, and men, in various stations, that all their concerns are directed, not by their own controlling prudence, but by a superior destiny. "It is the will of Heaven." "It was so to be," are the ready replies to account for all their disasters. I answer it is not the will of Heaven, and it is an insult to the Most High to say that he is the author of evil; that he sanctions folly, or creates the mischiefs which follow after it. When you have lived the sluggard's life shall you call the pressure of poverty by the name of misfortune? If so, as well may you prostrate yourself in humble devotion to the catchpoll, as to the Angel from Jehovah. When your body has become diseased by sensual indulgence, shall you say that this malady came winged like Merouy, the swift avenging minister of celestial anger? As well might you assert that the attraction of gravitation is the action of Fairies. The truth is,

Providence never interferes for the counteraction of its own laws. The chain of causes and effects is not broken to answer importunate prayers, the design of which should be to chasten the heart, nor to answer purposes of human invention. The government of the universe is a *system*. Its being and its modes of being, its action and passion must have been eternally the same. Infinite Wisdom gave to this wonderful complication of machinery self moving and perpetually acting powers, like itself without beginning and without end. So far as we can trace the operations of what is called Nature, the exemplification of this doctrine is apparent. We can trace the cause from the effect, or prospectively view the result of action. If we contemplate the vegetable world, we know that all its hues and shapes spring from the seeds, vivified and nurtured by the earth they are placed in. Even for this early process invariable laws were established. The vine does not produce the bramble nor the acorn any thing other than the oak. We know what supports them and what destroys, why the foliage decays in winter and revives in spring, how the fruit is generated and when it shall ripen and fall. There is much however which we do not know; but we are continually making discoveries, and every discovery confirms this great truth, that every effect proceeds from a natural cause; in other words that God, having established the system of things, does not, by a particular agency, distinctly manage and guide the

events which take place. How absurd then to expect that he will interfere, or to believe that he has interfered ; excepting so far as we learn from the holy volume, with the concerns of men in their present state ; that he predestinates men for misfortune, or sits upon an earthly tribunal, to decide upon the guilt or innocence of the accused. This prejudice is the mere trick of artful men, seeking to promote their own interests. If they have an object in view, they will tell you that the Almighty commands its execution : if on the other hand they wish to stop you from proceeding, they will threaten your progress with interminable vengeance. Every circumstance of success or adversity is used to encourage or intimidate, and Superstition becomes the ruling motive of action.

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SECT. 6. The military spirit of the Normans introduced into England the trial by judicial combat. This will be best described by the copy of a part of an indenture between two combatants, which I have extracted from a note to Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.

“It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it only tried by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter week, being the eighth day of April, next ensuing A. D. 1602,

ten nine of the clock and one of the same day, to fight
it, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plait sleeves, plait
shes, plait sockets, two basleard swords, the blades to
e yard and a half a quarter of length, two Scotch dag-
or dorks, at their girdles, and either of them to provide
ur or weapons for themselves according to this inden-
"—Scott has spun out the idea suggested by the above
ture into a long and feeble description of a single com-
and many other poets have availed themselves of this
heme upon which to display their talents. They have
ver in this, as in almost every thing else, been left far in
ask ground by the superiority of Shakespeare's genius.
ll therefore present to the reader his account of a judi-
combat taken from the Tragedy, King Lear. The
ies having been exchanged, and the herald having sound-
e trumpet, Edgar thus addresses his antagonist.

'This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edmund,—

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart.
This sword of mine shall give them instant way
Where they shall rest forever. Trumpets speak."

(They fight. Edmund falls.)

(15)

Socr. 7. To speak of the *laws* of a country where the sovereign is absolute as in Russia would be absurd. No regulation is there so sacred but Imperial caprice can annul it; no authority is so reverend or so firm; no subject's power is so great; no tenure of property is so established; but the will of the mighty autocrat may subvert and destroy it. In such a government there may be customs, but there are not laws. Rude and undigested, few principles, susceptible of useful application, can result from the examination. Let them therefore rest undisturbed by curiosity, unmolested by censure. Not so with their punishments. These are fruitful themes for reflection. It is well to see how a region, generally inhabited by more than twenty millions of people, has suffered under the tyranny of one individual.

The punishment of death has been abolished from Russia. It was formerly inflicted in a manner of which the descrip-

is enough to make one shudder. It was a practice, with the enlightened founder of Russian improvement, the Great, to suspend robbers, by iron hooks fixed to ribs, by hundreds and even thousands at a time. In torture, they hung, sometimes several days, writhing inizing spasms until exhausted and dead. Breaking on heel and impaling through the side were also formerly used. Women who had murdered their husbands, were d alive to their shoulders, and left in that state of supreme horror, until, Famine gnawing within and Decay putting without, animal life became extinguished by suffocation. We are perhaps less shocked, at first, by the account of this barbarity than we should otherwise be, from the idea that its terrors would prevent the occasions of its infliction. The truth is that the frequency of the occasions would be regulated, not by the restraints which should be imposed, but by the temptations which should induce. The prospect of enjoyments at hand and the hope of impunity will always produce a preponderance against the dejections of the law.

Though the punishment by death has been nominally abolished, yet the single and double knout are often fatal. They are made of hard thongs from the skin of the wild ass. The plaited whip of two feet in length and two and a half inches in circumference is added a leather strap of the same length. These are fastened to an handle one half as long

and altogether of about the weight of a pound. Three or four blows are capable, by skilful application, of producing death. The executioner, however, has not always the humanity to apply the requisite exertion so soon. As many hundreds are sometimes given, and the lacerated wretch often survives to be lacerated still more. The butchers cut out his tongue, and he is banished to toil in the mines of Siberia. The account given by a French writer, whose name I do not recollect, of the manner in which the knout was inflicted on a young and beautiful woman, Madame L'Apouchin is deeply affecting. He describes her as innocent and lovely, the pride of the court and the ornament of society. He presents her pale and in tears, exposed uncovered to the profane and eager gaze of the multitude. The grasp of one executioner holds her delicate limbs in confinement, while the lash of another lacerates the poor victim with merciless blows, which cut their way with bloody effect, taking out a strip of the skin the whole length of the back each time it is repeated. Cutting out the tongue and banishment close the story of the fair sufferer's torments. This transaction happened in the reign of Elizabeth. Another, which took place within a few years, may be repeated without the danger of becoming tedious even to those who may have met with it before. It is from the pen of the distinguished Robert Ker Porter, who, having observed that the convict is first bound to a block, proceeds "The first stroke was struck

h repeated lash tore the flesh from the bone. A
ounds clasped between each ; and for the first ten or
the poor sufferer roared most terribly ; but soon be-
faint and sick, the cry died away into groans ; and a
xutes after nothing was heard but the bloody plash of
ut on the senseless body of the wretched man. Af-
an hour had been occupied in striking these dreadful
and more than two hundred were given him) a sig-
i made from the head officer of the police and the
l was raised a little from the block. Not the small-
of life seemed to remain : indeed so long did it ap-
have fled that during half the lashing, he had sunk
low as the ligatures which bound him would allow.
ecutioner took his pale and apparently lifeless body
beard, while his assistant held an instrument like a
ith iron teeth, and placing it a little below his tem-
uick it with the utmost force, and drove its pointed
to the flesh. The opposite temple and forehead
d the same application. The parts thus piercèd
ea rubbed with gunpowder, to remain, should the
d sufferer survive, a perpetual mark of having un-
e the punishment. The sufferer was then restored
s swoon by the acuteness of a new torture, occasioned
ing off his nostrils with pincers, and the next day was
i from his affliction by death.

The punishment by the double knout was still more excruciating. The hands of the prisoner were tied behind his back and a string being fastened to them he was pulled from the ground. Hanging by his arms, twisted from their sockets, lashes were added to complete the tragedy of unfeeling barbarity. Felons, after receiving the knout, have their nostrils torn with pincers and their faces marked with heated iron. Chained two by two, a journey of nearly five thousand miles carries them, if they have not perished of fatigue and hardship, to the mines of Nershinak. Those guilty of misdemeanors, are whipped, sentenced to hard labour or sent to Siberia. In Tobolsk alone, a part of Siberia, in 1772, were twenty two thousand convicts. Some are occupied in hunting and some in other servile employments: all gain but a miserable subsistence. Criminals condemned to public labour are shut up in prisons or led by soldiers to their work. Iron fetters are an additional security to prevent their escape. Their food is bread and water, or such substitute as convenience, not humanity may provide. Men of learning and those who have enjoyed the ease and comforts of opulence suffer alike in kind and degree as any others.

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SECT. 8. The Roman punishments were different at different times, always fluctuating with the form of government, and conformed to its character. Their severity under the kings may be judged of by that inflicted by the order of

Hostilius, upon the Alban general, Mettus Fuffetius, general in the war with the Fidenates, had formed sanguineous designs against his Roman allies. Having been slain by the soldiers, the enraged king resolved to make a memorable sacrifice either to his justice or revenge, his mind had been distracted between the Romans and his enemies, that his body should be torn asunder in different directions. Such is the reasoning which Livy puts into the mouth of Hostilius.

unfortunate Fuffetius was stretched with bonds to be prepared to be driven in different courses. The horses given to the horses and the limbs and lacerated were dragged at their heels. "At tu dictis, Albane, es," says Virgil, in his description of the device, which had wrought on the shield of *Aeneas*, representing this scene. In the treatment of this tragic scene, the poet and historian appear to have changed characters. Virtuous though the cold insensibility of a dull narrator, makes a feeble apology for cruelty. Livy, with that fine feeling which is the real inspiration of the Muses, notices that all closed their eyes, that they might not witness the horrid spectacle. How could the author of the *Aeneid* have justified this happy exhibition of national humanity? The law of the Decemvirs, which confirmed and rendered harder than before the slavery of the insolvent debtors in Rome, was cruel beyond sufferance. After thirty days from

the proof of the debt, the person of him who owed it was put into the custody of the creditor. He was required to provide for his prisoner but twelve ounces of rice for his daily allowance of food, and might load his limbs with fifteen pounds weight of chains. His emaciated and mangled body was exposed in the market place, to excite the compassion of his friends. And if not redeemed within sixty days, i the payment of the demand, it might be cancelled either by the forfeit of his life or his liberty. He might be sold into slavery beyond the Tyber, or, if his unrelenting creditor like Shylock chose the flesh, they were allowed to dismember his body and apportion it among them. Many persons incredulous of such enormity, have denied the possibility of its being authorized by legal provisions : but such is the literal sense of the law.

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SECT. 9. The punishments in Europe under the flesh system, were every where arbitrary and severe. Very little difference is found in the parts of the general system. The Bastille in France however was more particularly distinguished as the favourite seat of suffering, as the object of peculiar horror. On the 14th of July 1789, the long smothered vengeance of the people thundered about its turreted battlements. The proud and formidable edifice, which had been impregnable to the attacks of time and war, like the walls of Jericho, fell prostrate at the sound of the trumpet.

of liberty and the shout of the multitude. Many innocent men, there hid from the world, had wasted their lives in dark and solitary and noisome cells. No evidence of guilt was necessary for commitment, no proof of innocence was heard for acquittal, no *habeas corpus* procured a liberation. The *lettre de cachet* was all the warrant, *secret ex parte* inquisition all the trial. The cabals of a minister, the intrigues of a royal mistress, or the vindictive spirit of a corrupt nobility for the most part furnished the victims, and the interested fidelity of dependent agents severely executed the will of triumphant malice.

The detail of particular instances of the cruel severity of punishments, of which so many have occurred in France, will not be expected, I shall therefore only advert to the application of the torture of the brodequin to the fanatic regicide, Ravaillac, which cannot fail to excite an abhorrence at his punishment almost equal to our detestation of his crime. When the third wedge was driven an universal sweat started upon his body, and he fainted away by the extremity of his suffering. Having recovered his strength he was carried to the scaffold and his flesh was torn by red hot pincers from his breasts, his arms, his thighs, and the calves of his legs. Intermitting applications of melted lead, boiling oil, and a scalding composition of pitch, wax, and brimstone were made to his wounds. He was then drawn at intervals by four horses for half an hour, and still exclaiming that he had

nothing more to confess, the mob rushed upon him and ~~tore~~ him in pieces.

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SECT. 10. The inhabitants of Oriental Countries, submissive in slavery and tyrannical in power, cannot be supposed to have escaped from the evils of arbitrary laws, joined to an abusive administration. The Mahometan Empire is still extensive. The darkening crescent, like a retiring comet, still gleams terrific over wide spread realms. The judges of law, in the different circles, from the Mufti to the Pacha, and from the Bey to the Cadi, all represent the despotism of the "SHADOW OF GOD ON EARTH," the "MIGHTY SULTAN," whose will is the decree of Fate. Were they the sole proprietors of life and property, they could not act with more absolute license. The Executioner attends the Judge, and the same moment witnesses the accusation, conviction, and punishment. Having amassed by injustice and extortion a sufficient amount, the Officer is compelled to suffer in his turn. His wealth constitutes his crime, and a Kat-sheriff for his head closes his administration.

The bastinado, an expression derived from the word baston, signifying a club, is a punishment frequent there and common also in China. It is sometimes called tympanum, because the patient is beaten like a drum. The Maudarin inflicts it at pleasure and often receives it himself. To forget to salute this imperious officer is one of the offences

which requires the bastinado. The convict is thrown upon his belly and his feet are tied to a stake. When he has received a few hundred blows, by the kindness of the Mandarin, he returns him, on his knees, the most humble acknowledgments for the favour of his notice.

The punishment also of the ten thousand slices, which is literally the cutting them in pieces, is there inflicted on parishes.



PART III.

CHES OF THE FOLLIES AND CRUELTIES OF SUPERSTITION.

(19)

1. AMONG the greatest of the follies of which the Heathen were guilty in the religious capacity, was sacrifices to the Gods. At first a simple offering of its of the earth was considered as the most acceptable. The earliest gathering of the harvest was con- on the altar, the air was perfumed with incense, and smoked with the libation of the choicest wines. sition always leads slowly on, when it tends to a devia- on the charms of simplicity and nature. Those pleasi- l innocent rites were therefore long preserved; but lication of ceremonies was at last introduced, and the e of living animals was substituted for that of inani- eings. The practice, if not universal, was at least ve. The Ethiopcean, considering that the fleetest of s should be consecrated to the rapid God of day, of- o the Sun a pair of white horses. To the Moon they

offered a pair of oxen, thinking that the animal which rowed the earth, belonged to the star to which it is set. The Persians, as well as the Ethiopians, worshipped Sun, the object in the whole natural world most worthy of adoration. Xenophon informs us that they offered holocausts of horses. The Danes and Saxons, a people who drank blood from the skulls of their enemies, also offered bloody sacrifices to appease and propitiate their Gods. Odin they gave the horse, dog, &c. to Frigga swine, Thor fat horses and oxen. The Greeks sacrificed horses to the Sun, the furious animals to Mars, the vine branch to Bacchus, stags to Diana, dogs to Hecate, and to some of the Gods a peculiar victim;—to the infernal they offered black ones and to the celestial white ones. Magnificent as every thing else, they were not less so in their sacrifices, and instances have happened of whole chilions and tombs being offered at once. A thousand or an hundred of the fairest of the flocks and herds fell on an altar if by a single blow. Pythagoras is said to have sacrificed a hecatomb to the Muses, through joy and gratitude for having discovered the forty-eighth problem of the first of Euclid. How happy had it been if all sacrifices had been for similar causes.

The immolation of human victims was but a higher in the class of follies. It was a species of sacred holocaust which has cut off its thousands. It has existed in almost

in countries, and under another name ; but of the same
er, has committed most horrible ravages in Christen-
Milton has ranked Moloch next in rank among the
f Hell to his satanic Majesty. On earth he has cer-
een “ the strongest and the fiercest spirit ” to whom
sifice was offered. The poet thus speaks of him.

st Moloch, horrid King ! besmear'd with blood
uman sacrifice, and parents' tears,
igh, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
r children's cries unheard, that pass through fire
is grim Idol.”

idol is considered by some to be the same as Saturn,
a children were also offered, until the custom was
d by Hercules. The Idol Moloch is said to have
ade of brass, placed on a brazen throne, and wear-
gal crown. His head was like that of a calf, and his
ere extended to clasp the victims, destined to be con-
y the flames. Solomon, seduced by the persuas-
his Moabite wives, built to him an “ high place ” in
, in the valley of Hinnom, where the sons and daugh-
the Jews were burnt in the fire. This caused the
ation of the Lord against it, that thenceforth it should
*led the valley of slaughter ; for they shall bury in
till there be no more room.*” The Franks, who pas-
Italy under Theudibert, threw the women and chil-
o the Po, as offerings of the first fruits of war. The

Danes and Saxons, on the eve of a dangerous war, avert a national calamity sacrificed human victims. Ethiopeans immolated to the sun and moon their pris of war. In Athena a man and woman, as representati each sex, were formerly committed to the flames for eitory sacrifices to avert a pestilence or famine. He whose descriptions of manners, although embellished the ornaments of fiction, were nevertheless sketched the pencil of truth, has given an interesting account Grecian sacrifices. The occasion was the funeral of Iclus, and exemplifies each of the kinds of sacrifice.

“ An hundred feet in length, an hundred wide,
The growing structure spreads on every side ;
High on the pyre the manly corse they lay,
And well fed sheep and sable oxen slay :
Achilles cover’d with their fat the dead,
And the pil’d victims round the body spread ;
Then jars of honey and of fragrant oil
Suspends around, low bending o’er the pile.
Four sprightly coursers with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord ;
Then last of all and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice ; *twelve Trojan captives fell.*”

ie arrangements made, the whole was abandoned to
ne. However the pomp of ceremony may excite
miration of such a scene, yet a moment's reflection
with pity and disgust. In Carthage, on a single oc-
three hundred of the flower of her youth were offer-
ie Gods. The Deity, Saturn, who had been the de-
of his own children, was glutted by their presents of
od. Many other instances are recorded of no infe-
troticity of superstition. Aristomenes, a Messenian,
ed three hundred men to Jupiter, among whom was
an King. In Arcadia, was an altar dedicated to Bac-
1 which young girls were beaten to death with rods.
ebedemonians, in honour of Diana Orthia, also scourg-
dren sometimes to death. The Druids of England
ed not only brutes but human beings. They formed
idols, so large as to contain a great number of per-
Having filled with them the enclosure of the Colos-
ey set fire to the wood which was piled around it,
whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Malefac-
y at first were condemned to this bonfire of Death,
ocent persons were afterwards seized upon for fuel
the destruction. The Mexicans, the most civili-
he barbarous nations, were nevertheless devoted to a
in the highest degree ferocious and sanguinary.
st of blood was often offered to their Gods. They
an Idol made of seeds kneaded with the blood of

children, whose reeking hearts were the gifts they it. Tlaloc, the God of the Waters, was propitiated by similar offerings, and Quitzalcoatl, the God of War, required the sacrifice of five boys and the same number of girls, in the tender age of three years, before the Chieftains could lead their troops to battle. The religious rites of the Aztecs and of various barbarous people were alike inasmuch as those already described.

The sacrifices of the heathen may be censured, but not without danger. They worshipped gods having a corporeality, having appetites to satisfy and angry passions to appease. The folly of endeavouring to affect the intentions of the former, naturally grew out of their comprehension of the divine nature. But in speaking of the Jews, we are treading on holy ground, and with respect to them, the principles of right and wrong become inverted, for we are repeatedly informed by Moses that God actually spake to him, commanding him to build altars and to offer up sacrifices. It may be difficult for short sighted persons to comprehend how the smoke of flesh and wine should be a "sweet savour" to the Lord, who is a spiritual and incorporeal or sensual being. It should however be admitted that mystery and solemn ceremony frequently produce a confidence in the minds of a multitude, with which might be necessary to impress the Jews. On this point may rest the propriety of the minute formalities of

the following is an example. Of the various oblations of the Jews none was more solemn than that used at the consecration of the priest. When Aaron and his sons were consecrated, the sin offering and the burnt sacrifice having been performed, and the ram of consecration slain, "Moses took of the blood of it and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." He did the same by Aaron's sons, sprinkled the blood upon the altar, burned the burnt offering, waved the wave offering, and, by a variety of other rites, completed the sanctification and consecration of the priests. These offerings being prescribed by the Jewish ceremonial law are to be treated with reverence; but there is one sacrifice spoken of in the Bible, which, as it was not required and could not have been acceptable, excites our detestation. It seems that Jephthah, being about to engage in a war with the Ammonites, made a vow that if the Lord would give him the victory, he would offer up for a burnt offering the first person who went out to meet him on his return. His arms were crowned with success, and his affectionate daughter, an only child, was the first to greet him home. In the gaiety of her heart she went out with timbrels and with dances. On hearing the vow which her father had made, the heroic virgin submitted voluntarily to her fate and offered herself as a lamb for the slaughter. The father did as he had vowed! This story is very similar to

that mentioned by the ancient poets, and particularly related by Fenelon in his "Les Aventures de Telemaque." Idomeneus, king of Crete, who promised the sea god, tune, that if he would save him from a dangerous tempest, he would offer him the first living being which should meet his eye on the Cretan shore. It proved to be his son, who went out like Jephthah's daughter, to congratulate him on his safe return. He executed his vow, but the Cretans, more just and more humane than the Jews, were so enraged at his rashness and cruelty that they drove him from their kingdom. There is another piece of Jewish history related to this subject remarkably corresponding with profane history. Abraham was commanded to offer up his son, Isaac, as an offering to the Lord. Having constructed an altar and bound the intended victim, a voice from on high arrested his arm, then raised to execute the dreadful sacrifice. Looking around he beheld a ram among the bushes, which substituted him as a more acceptable present. The counterpart of that event is found in the account of the Trojan war, which gave rise to more prodigies than any thing in the annals of mankind, except the passage of the Israelites to the promised land. Agamemnon, having given a fence to Diana, was ordered to sacrifice his beloved daughter, Iphigenia, to appease her wrath. He consented. The priest, who was the priest, took the knife in his hand, but as he was about to strike the fatal blow, she disappeared, and a fine and beautiful goat stood in her place for sacrifice.

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Sect. 2. The spirit of religious persecution has been one of the fiercest demons for the destruction of man. The epoch of its general dominion may be considered as coeval with its attacks on the primitive followers of Jesus. Before that time, it is true that it had broken out in the propagation and preservation or suppression of Systems, and Prophets and Philosophers had fallen before it ; but its malignity had always been circumscribed : its empire had been never stable. The opinions of Grecian sages, who carried moral excellence in theory and practice as far as uninspired humanity could do, inculcated the necessity and propriety of universal toleration. Knowing the fallacy of human reason, on which alone they depended, they did not consider that there was any impiety in denying their tenets. They received opposition with patience. They listened to contradiction and were willing to be convinced. Hence, notwithstanding the lethargy of scepticism with which some became affected, proceeded an activity of inquiry and enlargement of mind which has astonished every succeeding age. Hence too, the liberality of feeling and sentiment, which, with a few exceptions, distinguished that people. Nor were most of the ancient nations less tolerant, although not equally enlightened. Even in Egypt, where the Sects were almost as numerous as the species of animals, a mutual harmony prevailed. The worshippers of Apis lived in

peace with those who adored the Onion, and these did not quarrel with the subjects of the Ishneumon God. Nor, after Christianity descended on the globe, was the flame of persecution kindled against it, except by that heaven forsaken people, the Jews, until corruption had tainted its purity and State Policy had taken the alarm. Under the Emperor Nero, the conflagration of Rome was charged against the Christians, whose obnoxious tenets had then rendered them the objects of odium. The faithful records of the times pronounce their innocence. But the monster, to whom the exhibition of suffering was a spectacle of amusement, condemned them to punishment. Wrapped around with combustibles, some were set on fire to serve as torch lights in the darkness of night; some were thrown to the hungry and voracious beasts of prey, and some perished on the cross. This last species of punishment completed the climax of pain and ignominy. Its application to the Saviour of men, of which the excruciating pain caused this blessed sufferer to cry out: "*my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me,*" has made it so well known as to render a particular description unnecessary.

The persecution of the Christians after Nero was certainly dreadful; but has been much exaggerated in the legends of monkish impostors. In making the proper deductions from those fables, in the immensity to be thrown aside, we sometimes almost forget the mass which remains. The

opposition of the civil authority weighed most heavily upon the new sect. The Edict of Diocletian, commanding the magistrates to compel the Christians to apostacy by every kind of torment, had well nigh proved fatal to their cause. The instruments and methods of torture, which are most frequently mentioned in the accounts of the martyrs, are swords, wild beasts, red hot chairs, chains, wheels, racks, iron claws to hook with, fire, boiling lead, scourges, the stocks, imprisonment, starving, hanging by different parts of the body with weights attached to other parts, flaying alive, and crucifixion. Many were the faithful who attested their constancy and sincerity by death. Opposition, armed with power and authority, strove in vain for more than three centuries to stop the ever growing prevalence of gospel truth. At length, in the fourth, *Christianity with Constantine, ascended in triumph the throne of the Cæsars.* It became now the misfortune of Paganism to suffer in its turn, and to experience the recoil of those blows, which it had inflicted on its before despised and humble enemy. An exterminating war was waged against every memento of polytheism. Pagan Arts, Literature, and Science were all deemed impious, and, as far as possible, were all destroyed. The most perfect works of genius, the sculptured marble which seemed to breathe, the canvass which appeared the execution of nature herself, the splendid and majestic fabrics of the architect, the labours of the poet, orator, and philosopher fell

together. An age of darkness succeeded, horrible as that which brooded over matter, ere the almighty fiat gave existence to light. A gloom of barbarous ignorance overspread the earth, so profound, that the simple rudiment of learning, the alphabet, was wondered at, as a collection of cabalistic figures, and he who could rudely trace its characters was considered master of the grand arcana of knowledge. Such was the effect of intolerance. But "there is a spirit in man," and it is in vain to attempt to extinguish or control it. There is a point of forbearance beyond which patience will no longer endure. When the smothered flame gets air, it burns with more fury from confinement. The unrestrained tyranny of popery was altogether insufferable, and produced an effort, which, at last threw off its pressure. The struggle was terrible, but the cause was glorious, and inspired an ardour and constancy which ensured success. Triumphant Protestantism has done much for mankind, but she also has been guilty of persecution. The Catholics have been in their turn despitefully used. At this day in Ireland they are seeking relief, and complaining of privations and hardships, which disgrace the government which sanctions them.

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SECT. 3. Although prosperity may not always be found to contaminate the purity of the individual subject, yet an instance probably cannot be found, in which the virtues of a

host or party have been able to resist its corrupting influence. It has an allurement for ambition and avarice, so powerful, that they will cloak their vices with hypocrisy, and offer themselves for admission to the very communion table of the Lord's anointed. Having presumed a post by favour, they maintain it by fraud or force, and retain the imposing name when the qualities which made it reverend are extinct. Thus it was with the christian church. Beneath the canopy of state it forgot the humility of the master it was cradled in. It conformed to the manners of the court, assumed the pride and cruelty of a tyrant, and at last was represented by the person of the Pope. This master, produced by the unnatural union of church and state, negatively by sedition and positively by persecution, has deprived the world of more human life than probably now exists on its whole surface. In almost all the wars of Europe, whether religious or political, he or his emissaries were deeply concerned from the origin to the conclusion, from the seizure to the immolation of the victim. He erected the cross of Christ on the banner of war and called upon men, in the name of God, to butcher his brother. The monk and the hermit, the distracted fanatic, who wished to lay up a stock of grace in advance, the profligate and criminal, whose consciences dunned for neglected arrearages, and the chivalrous spirits of the age, who sought only fame, flocked to the standard. Whether stimulated by piety or

ambition, whether in pursuit of fortune, or of absolutions and dispensations, or yielding to the requisitions of their master, all engaged with a similar zeal. In this manner, at eight successive periods, immense armies were levied for the rescue of the sepulchre of our Saviour from the hands of the infidels. By the mad crusades of these misguided troops, the Pope stands accountable for the blood of at least four millions of men: nor could the fury of fanaticism be glutted by the spoil of Europe and Asia, but America too was destined to suffer. The dying groans of millions of its innocent natives have borne testimony to the exterminating spirit of the papal authority.

The evils resulting from the union of church and state do not more evidently appear in tracing the progress of the cross, than in marking the desolated course of the crescent. The governments of Mahometan countries may be considered as almost mere hierarchies. The grand seignior may be regarded but as the high priest, and the minor officers as subordinate servants in the temple. The governments of the Druids of ancient Germany and Great Britain, or of the priests of Egypt were little less simple. As to the minds of men, the effects were similar: the profoundest ignorance has prevailed in all. As to the morals, the religion of Mahomet is calculated to encourage sensuality and ferocity more than any other. The mussulman offers you the Koran with one hand and holds a scymtar to your neck with

the other. To deny that the book is the uncreated and eternal word of truth, written with the finger of God, is to defy the vengeance of the follower of the prophet. He holds your life to be the forfeit of infidelity. Such is the way in which he has spread his religion over a great part of the globe. Such is the cause of numerous and long protracted wars, and of calamities immeasurable and countless.

It might be useful to trace throughout the effects of hierarchy in the influence of oracles, mysteries, pretended miracles, &c. as applied to the purposes of civil government; but the investigation would lead too much into detail for the design of this work. The examples stated are subjects for much reflection and sources of much instruction.

On the whole, the effects of a church establishment, whether under the management of Bramins, as in India, of the Mobed of Persia, of Pontiffs, as in ancient Rome, of Oracles, as in ancient Greece, of the Lamas of Tartary, of the Mahometan Imans, or of the Jewish Rabbins, have been every where the same. The doctrine of each has been, we are the only true believers; *all* others are mistaken, reprobate, to be persecuted in this world, and to be damned in the next. Says the Mahometan: "God is one and Mahomet is greater than Jesus; believe or you shall be utterly cut off by the sword." "Blaspheming heretic," replies the Catholic christian, "God is three in one: acknowledge this truth or you shall die in torture." Again says the Ma-

hometan ; " you must perform a pilgrimage to Me the eternal wrath of Heaven shall be your punish " Alas," exclaims the American, " how can I be at boundless ocean separates me from the tomb of the elect : besides how am I to know which of your sects are the true believers." Last comes the circumcised Jew who impiously asserts that both Jesus and Mahomet are impostors, and that the Messiah is not yet come. Thus a variety of creeds, dogmas, bulls, and protestations, continually warring with each other. Such are the claims of infallibility : such are the foundations of quarrels, which have disturbed the peace of the world.

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SECT. 4. Frequent as have been the instances of various massacres, I shall nevertheless select but one in history as an example. It will be sufficient to shew how potent is the attempt to control the conscience, and how fallacious are the projects of tyrants.

No person ever persecuted the apostates from the religion more than that most cruel of bigots, Philip the second of Spain. He stimulated the blood thirsty priests andquisitors even beyond their wonted ferocity. He not only presided at executions, he gave no peace to heretics though they were found in the most retired solitude of the American provinces. He sent his armed Myrmidons from France to aid in the massacre of the Hugonots, and

Europe in commotion by his intrigues to establish the supremacy of the Pope ; but the weight of his vengeance fell heaviest on the Protestants of the Low Countries, then dependent on his empire. The duke of Alva was a fit agent of the iniquities of such a master. His cruelties roused the provincials to insurrections. The hope of relief and liberty enabled them to overcome the best disciplined and before unconquered armies. The baffled, mortified commander solicited a recall, and had the satisfaction of reflecting that an administration of only five years had enabled him to effect the extermination of eighteen thousand heretics, by the gibbet, the block, and every barbarous mode of execution. Confiscation, imprisonment, and torture were the items to fill the account. For the purpose of still more distressing the Dutch, Philip interdicted their trade with Portugal, which had been to them not only a mean of support, but an ample source of wealth. The consequence of all was that the course of their industry and enterprise, instead of being stopped, was only diverted. Their trade, instead of pouring into the harbour of Lisbon, swept round the Cape of Good Hope, and filled all the ports of the East Indies. It gradually circulated over the world, and rendered a country, stolen from the sea, the centre of commerce and the seat of the arts. From this cause, Holland obtained its independence, and established a government, which by some has been considered as a model.

It is difficult to find a reason, except it be a blind fanaticism, why the Protestants were so much the objects of edum. It is natural to suppose that sovereigns would have perceived that their own wealth, power, and glory were founded on the numbers, the attachment, and prosperity of their subjects. But it seems to have been far otherwise. They appear to have taken more pleasure in the destruction, than the preservation of lives, and when they suffered the persons whom caprice rendered obnoxious, to preserve their existence, they have embittered it by every distress. The persecution of the Protestants was not confined to Holland. The cruelty of Philip was too insatiable to be limited to his own dominions. In the court of Versailles he found congenial tempers. They united in the most diabolical projects. Charles the ninth having been left the heir of the throne of France while yet an infant, Catharine of Medeis was invested with the administration of the realm and the guardianship of the king. Her wayward policy filled the country with the most dreadful commotions. A war of Catholics and Protestants raged with all the fury which mutual injuries and fanatic zeal could give it. Its varied horrors were consummated by the assassination of the duke of Guise, the soul of the Catholic party. A peace was agreed upon, which secured to the Protestants the most desirable terms of accommodation; but in the transient interval of war, a terrible storm was gathering over their devoted

heads. Every method was used to lull suspicion, and inspire a confidence which should make sure their destruction. The sanguinary Charles, then arrived at the sixteenth year of his age, accompanied by the intriguing Catharine, held at Bayonne, an interview with the Queen of Spain and her minister, the Duke of Alva, at which was concerted that ever to be accursed conspiracy, denominated the *Holy League*. They determined, by a single blow, to exterminate the whole Hugonot party of France. On the night of St. Bartholomew's festival, when all was joy and unsuspecting carelessness on one side, and apparent friendship on the other, was consummated the execution of the fatal scheme. Scarcely a Hugonot was left alive in Paris, of whatever description, whether the tenderest infant or the most hoary headed father, whether of that sex to which the French had always been so loyal, or of that to which only they could have had any cause for hatred. "The river Seine was covered with dead bodies and the streets ran with blood." In the city alone between ten and eleven thousand were murdered, and some by the hands of their near relations. For seven days the slaughter was continued and spread through the realm. "Kill, kill" exclaimed the king, and his example added force to his precept. Sixty thousand are supposed to have perished. So unexpected was the event that no resistance was made, and only one man was known to die, like a warrior, with his sword in hand. Rou-

en, Lyons, Orleans, and other cities suffered proportionally with the capital. In some, the water was so tainted with blood that it could not be used; and the survivors of the carnage suffered much from the want of it. In honour of all this damnable villany medals were struck in France with the inscription "Pietas excitavit Justitiam," and in Spain and Italy public thanksgivings were celebrated for the "*Triumph of the Church Militant.*" The Protestants were every where roused to revenge. The kingdom continued to be harassed by civil wars, until, by the magnanimous policy of Henry the Great, the different sects were placed on equal ground, and christian charity, enacted into a law, restored that peace which intolerance had so long driven away. The well known Edict of Nantz reconciled the long oppressed but then respite Protestants to their government. By the encouragement of personal protection and security of property, they became as distinguished in arts as they had been valiant in arms, and as persevering in industry as they had been firm in religion. On the death of Colbert, the enlightened minister of Louis 14th, who had been their patron, persecution was again let loose upon them. The Edict of Nantz was revoked, and they were reduced almost to the state of outlaws. Nearly six hundred thousand persons fled from the kingdom, carrying away their wealth and their more valuable skill in the arts to enrich the neighbouring countries, which were thus discharged from the contribu-

tions they had long paid to France for her manufactures of silk, of wool, of linen, &c. by being then enabled to supply themselves without. Some were prevented from emigrating by the ordinances passed against it. These could exercise their religion, even in private, only at the peril of their lives, and all, who refused to be converted, were sentenced to torture and destruction. "A twentieth of the whole body was put to death and a price was set on the heads of the rest, who were hunted like wild beasts upon the mountains."

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SECT. 5. At a period, when mankind were at least in an unpolished, if not in a barbarous state, it could not be expected that a religion containing many sublime mysteries should not be misunderstood or perverted. Sects of various tenets continually seceded from the christian church. Some were of the most gloomy character. Considering the senses, like the serpent in Eden, continually whispering evil to the soul, they have kept up a merciless war against them. They have applied every mean of fleshly mortification which could be derived from abstinence, penitential discipline, and especially from celibacy. The more the corrupt body was macerated by hunger and thirst, cold and heat, nakedness, watching and pain, the more, as they thought, was the celestial soul purified. They ranked self denial among the best of the virtues and happiness among the worst of sins;

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nor could they believe that any homage was acceptable to God, except that of a renunciation of every duty to social man. Folly is usually a fickle and passion an absolute master; but in the present case a strange reverse has taken place. The propensities of nature have been put at defiance, and folly, with steady hand, has held the reins in the long career of eighteen centuries. To the proselytes of the maleficent doctrine I have described, the smile of beauty was the temptation of the Devil. They fled her society and led a life of strictest celibacy. Some, retiring to the caves of the desert or climbing to the summits of pillars, passed their lives in solitary suffering. Some, without an object, wandered about the roughest and wildest places, made the bare earth their bed, and partook with the four footed race of its pasture and its roots. Some passed whole years in the speechless silence of the dumb, and some, more worldly and more artful, obtained a livelihood in different countries, by working fictitious miracles, selling the relics of saints, and practising various pious frauds. Of those relics a sort of politheistical worship, which had taken place of that of the Deity, prevailed universally, from the age of Constantine to the reformation by Luther. So great was the traffic in sacred remains, that new saints were conjured up without number, and so easily was credulity imposed upon, that the bones of a malefactor have been sold for those of a holy martyr. More worthless rubbish has, probably,

been bartered to work the forgiveness of sins, to heal diseases, &c. than would have filled the pool of Siloam to the brim. The trade was lucrative and therefore, like every other profitable concern, it was pushed to the utmost; nor is it wonderful that imposture was so successful, when we consider the ignorance of those who were duped and the deep and complicated stratagems of the deceivers. Miracles became almost as common as the ordinary operations of nature. The dead were raised and the sick healed by the virtues of the bones or the ashes of the sainted christians or the mystic efficacy of the dust of Palestine.

Whether to render the practice of deception easier or to extend and facilitate the exercise of their wild imaginations, the monastics, at last, in the fourth century, established convents and formed into societies. They erected their tenements in the most gloomy places or scooped them out from the flinty rock. A multitude of devotees, dwelling in their cells, in the sacred precinct of a church, formed a sort of city, of which the abbot was absolute master. The smallest disobedience to his commands or the most trifling deviation from the rules of their order were ranked among the most odious of crimes, only to be expiated by fasting, flagellation, and imprisonment. In these societies pride as well as piety encouraged the most enormous severities. Their dress was savage, and their diet was spare as the allowance of famine. Their life was one intense labour of devotion. The listless

hours of the day were passed in contemplation and prayer, and twice every night was silence disturbed by the summons to worship. So striking a character of abstract virtue excited the highest admiration, and so great was the veneration paid to it, that the monks were esteemed as the immediate vicegerents of heaven. Their prayers or benedictions were considered worthy of being purchased, and presents were heaped upon them from various quarters to secure their favour. The tide of wealth rolled on rich endowments until the lay world was impoverished by its prodigal munificence. In England the possessions of the church comprehended at one time a third of the kingdom. In the other Catholic countries it was a cheap estimate to consider a seventh of the property as its own. Power is usually the attendant of wealth. In the present case an almost universal dominion fell into the hands of the monks. The cabinet council of kings was drawn from the cloister, the shaven head, which had been wrapped by the cowl, was adorned by the mitre, and the austere hermit took the lead of armies. The monastic life became an asylum for the poor and a theatre for the ambitious. Persons of all ranks and ages became eager to take the vow of poverty, obedience, and chastity. Swarming from their hives, they spread into almost every town of the Roman empire, and gradually adventured, in the rage of proselyting, into almost every accessible part of the globe.

In Russia, after all the restrictive regulations of Peter the Great, thirteen thousand monks and nuns remained in the convents. Seventy thousand bondmen supplied them with the necessaries and luxuries of life. In Spain, by the account of a late writer not less than three thousand monasteries are the monuments of their attachment to celibacy. They are occupied by an hundred thousand monks and nuns. Enormous revenues are appropriated for their support. In Portugal there are seven hundred and forty five convents, occupied by from thirty thousand to sixty thousand monks and nuns. In France the same writer states the number of convents at three thousand and four hundred. The convents of the Bonzes in China have been estimated to contain near a million of celibates.

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SECT. 6. The power and prosperity of the monks very naturally undermined the foundations on which they were erected. The force of popular favour, which had been conciliated by their imposing sanctity, weakened and relaxed by their striking degeneracy, would have left them to have fallen into utter insignificance, had they not have interwoven the civil power into their systems. As the heralds and ambassadors of Rome, their pernicious success had established the tyranny of the Pope, not only over the things of this world, but also over those belonging to the next. The consciences of men were placed under the Papal authority, and

those who refused to be converted were sentenced to be burned. To discover the persons obnoxious to this unhappy fate, the monks were dispersed in different countries, the Inquisition was established, the stake erected, and christendom lighted with the blaze of faggots. It was in the twelfth century when that odious institution was founded by the exterminating Innocent the 3d, who sent his emissaries to all Catholic princes and people. The principal subjects of which it took cognizance were sorcery and the all comprehensive offence of heresy. So great was the terrore of its officers, that do what they might, the man was not found bold enough to murmur or remonstrate. Their summons was obeyed, like that of the great king of terrors, and silent mourning was all that remained to the relative and the friend. Almost as soon would it have been expected to have produced a resurrection from the grave, as to have effected an escape from the clutch of the Inquisitors. The object of their suspicion or hatred, not informed of the reason of his apprehension and not confronted with witnesses, was harassed by secret examinations and tortured by all the apparatus of ingenious cruelty, until he became his own accuser and confessed any thing to appease his tormentors. The rare fortitude was sometimes found which could withstand all attacks, preserve its constancy through a long imprisonment, and, by its unimpeachable innocence of the charges alleged against it, at last escape. A worse fate usually at-

tended it. The auto de fe or act of faith was the common catastrophe, which closed the pious office of the Inquisition. This was usually celebrated on some festival day to add to the amusements of the occasion. The obstinate heretic, who refused to abjure his faith, was led to the stake, with circumstances of mystic ceremony and solemnity calculated to render the exhibition highly impressive. He was there chained on a seat at the height of about four yards from the ground, when the priests took their leave of him by charitably devoting his soul to the flames of hell. They took good care that the pains of perdition should at least attend its exit. Lighted torches first burned his face to a coal. The faggots were then kindled below. The slow fire was regulated to protract the death, until, at last, the exterior tenement consumed, the vitals gradually perished. In all this horrid process, while the victim was crying in the name of God for mercy, shouts of devilish joy would burst from the multitude. His pitiable shrieks were answered by acclamations, his struggles were viewed with mockery, and his death produced that sort of regret which is felt on the dropping of the curtain, at the conclusion of a comedy.

These scenes more frequently were acted in Italy than elsewhere. The Italians, however, were a more polished and refined people than any other, but being persuaded of their own infallibility, and that all who differed from them were enemies also to God, they were easily reconciled to

any cruelties towards persons so impious. Transported by their zeal to do him an acceptable service, they indulged in excesses from which, but for their blind superstition, they would have revolted with horrour.

A striking demonstration also of the extent to which nature is controlable by factitious circumstances, appears in the effects of the Inquisition on the characters of the people of Spain. Before its establishment, they were gay and volatile as even the French. The sudden erection of eighteen Inquisitorial Courts wreathed the yoke around their necks. The dispersion of twenty thousand familiars among them, as spies, informers, and sanctified catchpalls filled them with terrour. Conscious of their danger they always exercised a watchful alarm; and distrust and reserve became personified in the figure of a Spaniard. Religious bigotry spread its contagion throughout and that ferocity was produced, which has massacred five millions of Americans on their own native fields, and filled the Netherlands with the blood of the innocent.

The Inquisition has long ceased to be formidable. It is now almost annihilated. "Stat magni nominis umbra." How soon it will be before it may be restored it is painful to consider and difficult to determine. Had even this country a Pope he would easily procure Inquisitors, who, in the pride of arrogated infallibility, would exterminate sects, and think they were doing God service by destroying his creatures.

Enthusiasm readily mistakes the phantoms of its brain for the realities of truth, and a strong conviction of the mind for the influence of the Spirit. When a fancied illumination from Heaven has established the correctness of its creed, it considers it right to condemn all others, to denounce the revelations of reason, and to punish the enemies of implicit faith, passive obedience, and blind stupidity. The consequence is, that the neighbour hates his neighbour and the world is full of discord.

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SECT. 7. The history of heresy, as connected not only with that of the Inquisition, but also with that of almost all christian nations, cannot fail to make the affections of the American reader cling to his constitution and country with all that apprehensive endearment, with which the child seeks shelter in the maternal bosom from the objects of its terror or aversion. The offence of heresy is not an action directly involving an injury to the person or property of any individual; but it rests altogether on the airy foundations of opinion. To every sect a dissent from the articles of its own creed is heresy. Had all the sects been armed in their turn with the thunderbolts of Papal supremacy, it is not improbable that a great part of the earth had been untenantanted of its human inhabitants. Sect would have butchered sect, till the last would have remained, like Noah and his family in the ark, with the world one boundless waste. But fortu-

nately it has happened, that, while various christian sects have claimed the right of condemning to eternal perdition the enemies of their faith, one only to an extensive degree has exercised that of dispensing temporal punishments for supposed errors of opinion. According then to this ~~seest~~ of sanctimonious bigots, heresy was a deviation, however inconsiderable, from the doctrines of the holy church of Rome. It was to deny that the bread and wine of the Eucharist were changed into the real body and blood of Christ, to contradict the unity of the Trinity or, to speak in less paradoxical terms, the indivisibility and singleness of the great Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to say aught against the propriety of celibacy in the clergy, the infallibility of the church, and above all of the power of his triple crowned Holiness, the sovereign Pontiff, to open with the keys of St. Peter the gates of heaven, to blot from the book of the recording angel the sins of the penitent by a dispensation, or to consign to the devil the obstinate unbeliever by a bull of excommunication. Many other points, quite as absurd, are considered as equally sacred. The heresies of dissenting from tenets so difficult for belief were eagerly adopted by great multitudes of imprudent persons, at least to the annoyance of their peace, if not to the loss of their lives. To describe all the schisms which took place, would be not only to give a history of ecclesiastical transactions, but of theological controversies. The object among Christians

ions to have been rather a competition in the ingenious dis-
tortion of gospel truth, than an exertion to elucidate its mys-
teries. They appear to have been constantly hunting for
causes of dissension, rather than seeking to preserve the
sin of love and charity, which should have held them to-
gether in harmony. Hence a multiplication of sects, more
diverse than even the seventy-two fold system of the Koran.
The rage of dividing, the holy testaments of the book of
have been so impiously misused, that were it possible for
a person to adopt all the creeds, he would be a perfect mon-
ster of contrarieties and repugnances. He would be at once
most thorough infidel and the most orthodox believer.
There would be no one part of scripture which he would not
believe, nor one which he would not profess. As a Roman
Catholic he would assert the consubstantiation of Christ
with God: with the Arians and Socinians he would even denie
his Deity. He would believe with the Calvinists that the
s of eternal salvation are prepared only for the elected
few, and with the Universalist that the blood of the Saviour
cleamed the whole human race from the sin of the fall.
singular as it may be that so many doctrines have sprung
from the plain and intelligible language of holy writ, it is
yet nevertheless altogether unnatural. The understandings
of men are as various as their tempers. Their reasonings
are affected by their passions. An exquisite delicacy of taste
some leads them to nice distinctions, the inapprehensive

perceptions of others confound the strongest shades of difference. An argument to the fears strongly impresses the imaginations of some ; others are charmed by the alluring promises of hope. It is possible that all may be right and at the same time all may be wrong ; right in principle, but wrong in opinion,—wrong in persecution for opinion's sake. This *erreur*, to call it by no harder name, has indeed been horribly destructive. There have been several hundred Christian sects, to say nothing of the divisions and subdivisions of the Jews, Mahometans, &c. each of which has been denounced by all of the others as heretic. Heresy in fact has been punished, not as a definite crime against God, but as an offence against the Priest. Whatever has been calculated to undermine his authority has constituted the crime, and the guilty have been burnt as the tares which the reapers in the parable gathered from the wheat. By one act of the English Parliament the Diocesan alone, without synod or jury, had the power of conviction, and by his single authority to order the condemned to the flames. Could the nature of man, in such circumstances, admit of impartiality or moderation.

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SECT. 8. Witchcraft or Sorcery is an offence which would indeed excite our laughter, did not its history render it too solemn. The spirit of the Jewish law, “ *Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live*,” has not been peculiar to that pe-

cular people. Voltaire, on the credit of an anonymous author, states that above an hundred thousand persons have been condemned to die for witchcraft by christian tribunals. An intercourse with beings not of this world is even now so generally believed, that it may not be improper to examine its nature and history a little more particularly than I otherwise should do. Perhaps there is as much testimony and as strong circumstantial evidence, in confirmation of the reality of supernatural appearances as of any one thing which ever existed. Addison, and Johnson, and Blackstone have believed in Spirits. To differ from such men may be presumption; but thought is free, and the mind can no more assent without its own conviction, than the eye can see with the vision of another. The evidence of faith in human affairs has been too much relied on. Wise men have been duped by the tales of credulity and imposture; the belief of one has furnished ground for the support of others, and error has continued to grow more and more firmly established. To doubt, except in matters of divine authority, is therefore right. In this case, not to doubt is not only folly but impiety; for is it not a blasphemous doctrine to say that evil spirits are allowed an agency in this goodly creation of infinite beneficence?

In the early ages, when the means of acquiring scientific knowledge were very confined, and any extensive diffusion of it was altogether impracticable, it was retained only by

a few. The most interesting of studies, that of natural philosophy, and the most mysterious, that of theology, were combined together. The first was pushed to a wide extent of improvement, the last to a high degree of refinement. The few who possessed them soon found that they held most powerful agents in their service. The extraordinary operations, which an intimate knowledge of the qualities of bodies enabled them to perform, were a subject of amazement to the multitude. The owners of the secret had an interest in deception. They propagated a belief that they had conciliated the favour of good spirits or had subjected the Demons. Science, by them, was engaged in the cause of imposture, and completed the triumph of superstition. The art of sorcery probably originated among the Persians, whose religion was well calculated to foster it. The authority of the Magi was even superior to that of the "King of Kings." Almost all of learning was in their hands, and they kept it a profound secret. Their power was supposed to be preternatural, and its effects became distinguished by the denomination of magic.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the faith in magic seems to have been universal. Lucan, a Roman poet of first rate excellence, has given the finest and fullest description of the power of a witch which can be found. Not having a translation at hand, I give the reader a part of the description in my own words, taking some liberty with the construction and arrangement.

Whate'er the fancy ever dar'd conceive,
Or the most wild credulity believe,
Of herbs, and magic words, and wondrous deeds,
Thessalia's potent sorcery exceeds.
Not hippomanes nor the philtre strong
So rouse to love as does her Witch's song.
The hardest hearts its softening influence learn,
And lawless flames in aged bosoms burn.

The poisonous reptile and the beast of prey
The incantations of the Witch obey,
The lion and the tyger round her play.
For her the sever'd snake together grows,
And crawls unfrozen on the coldest snows.

The song stops Nature's course. The listening night
Beams with the radiance of diurnal light,
Its proper law no more the sky controls,
The rolling earth no more whirls round its poles,
Jove not consenting, still the thunders roar,
Clouds veil the Heavens and storms their fury pour.
Again the Hag the witching verse repeats,
The clouds are scatter'd and the storm retreats,
The winds are quiet, yet the ocean swells,
The northern blasts rush forth, unmov'd it dwells.
Her star directing, Tethys strives to gain
The song charm'd shore, but urges on in vain,
While vessels drive along with bellying sail,
And reach their ports in spite of adverse gales.

Stopp'd as they fall the fixed cataracts stand,
The turning rivers climb the acclivous land,
The Nile alluvious ceases to o'erflow,
Mæander straightens and the Rhône grows slow ;
Evolving fall the humbled mountain's tops,
Nor now the lofty sky Olympus props.
Unwarm'd by suns, in winter's deepest colds,
The Scythian snow in rapid thaw unfolds,
The reeling earth from off its centre rolls,
And sun beams gleam at once on both the poles.

The other ancient nations seem also to have had an entire belief in sorcery. The accounts of its prodigious operations are numerous, and, to a credulous mind, would seem to be authentic. Some as wonderful as any recorded, are even found in one of the sacred books of the Pentateuch. When Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh and it became a serpent, the magicians of Egypt did the same with their enchantments, "for they cast down every man his rod, and it became a serpent, but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods." With the same mimicry they continued to foil the real miracles of the powerful rod of Moses. They turned the river to blood, and filled the land of Egypt with frogs. But it was in vain to enter into competition with the great high priest of Israel. When "*all the dust of the land became lice throughout all the land*" they could not do so, and acknowledged that it was the finger of God. The magi-

cians, in this case, either practised a most wonderful deception, or, for wise purposes, must have received a special endowment of divine power. The story of the witch of Endor, who raised the good Samuel from the dead to gratify the curiosity of Saul, is not less strange. It can be rationally accounted for, only by supposing that the witch practised a fraud upon the enfeebled, agitated, and affrighted king, and palmed upon him some living impostor instead of his deceased predecessor. It is not possible that God would have suffered the beatified soul of his faithful servant to have been disturbed by the wicked.

In England witchcraft has been a subject even of legislation, and a law stands on the statute book, making it a capital offence, without benefit of clergy, to conjure with evil spirits, or "to consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward" any of them. The persecution of helpless old women, whose witchcraft was charged with producing most of the evils which happened to man or beast, shows either that witches were peculiarly malignant in that country, or that prejudice and ignorance prevailed to a great degree. The reader can judge for himself.

There is another more elevated class of imaginary beings, which philosophy knows not how to approve, and which taste cannot condemn. They sprang from the brain of poetry. They people the air, sport in the floods, and animate the earth. Oriental fable has called them Fairies, and Wie-

land has woven the attributes of Oberon their king, and Titania, his lovely bride, into a wild and bewitching tale. Rosierian philosophy has pictured them in the forms of Sylphs and Gnomes, and Pope has improved the idea to construct the machinery of a poem, which has added the fairest flower to his laureate wreath. Ancient Mythology gave them "a local habitation and a name," as celestial or infernal Gods and Goddesses, and Homer's verse has given them immortality. The inspired Moses, with regard to whom fiction is swallowed up in truth, represents them as Angels and Devils, and Milton built upon the hint the sublimest fabric of human fancy. How then can we condemn that which has given force to genius, and for ages delighted mankind. It would be too bold to do it. But we may be permitted to pass a qualified censure, and while we allow that if those vagaries of poetry could be confined to the amusement of idle minds the effect might be useful, to add that when introduced to the nursery, when operating to fill darkness with spectres and solitude with horrour, when inducing the belief that the fate of man depends on the uncontrollable influences of supernatural agents, they produce infinite mischiefs.

In relation to this subjeot, with sorrow it must be confessed that disgraceful scenes have taken place in America. It was however before our happy revolution took place, which it is hoped, has shaken the foundation of every error. Erroneous opinions still exist. It is important to remove them;

for evils in practice will, at one time or another, inevitably result from mistakes in sentiment. I believe it is true that a large portion even of this enlightened community think that certain individuals obtain an intercourse with evil Spirits. By their aid they are supposed to be able to look into the secrets of futurity, to bring to view the hidden things of past times, and to execute schemes of crime and mischief.

A Spirit, whether good or evil, friendly or malignant, must be a merely incorporeal being. Some persons believe in the incomprehensible doctrine that the souls of men will hereafter be united to the human bodies. But none pretend that the union will take place until the grand era of the resurrection. The idea that the spirits which animated bodies, after their dissolution from those bodies, are still connected with or composed of material elements, involves incredible absurdities. The primary mode of matter, solidity, would of necessity be inherent in the nature of such spirits. Tangibility and other qualities would also be equally inseparable. Is it supposed that these spirits which dance on the moon-beam, and pass through wide expanded regions of space with the swiftness of thought, which present themselves within the confines of the closest prisons, and which are incapable of confinement, have solidity and dimensions? Has any one ever taken the weight of a ghost, or the height, breadth, and thickness of an apparition? It is not pretended. I argue for the same reason that no person

has ever seen any. The sense of sight is but a mode of that of touch. Even therefore supposing ghosts it is impossible that they should be perceptible by senses. "Like the baseless fabric of a vision," seem to the dreamer substantial and palpable; vanish from a rational examination. Some persons pretended to have conversed with these beings worlds. But it is in vain for them to repeat their assertions. They cannot be true. How is it possible for a being to articulate sounds without the organs of speech. The letters of the alphabet are labial, lingual, dental, guttural. It is pretended that words are uttered without lips or other organs of speech. As soon could I believe that the old oaks of Dodona uttered oracles.

FINIS.



